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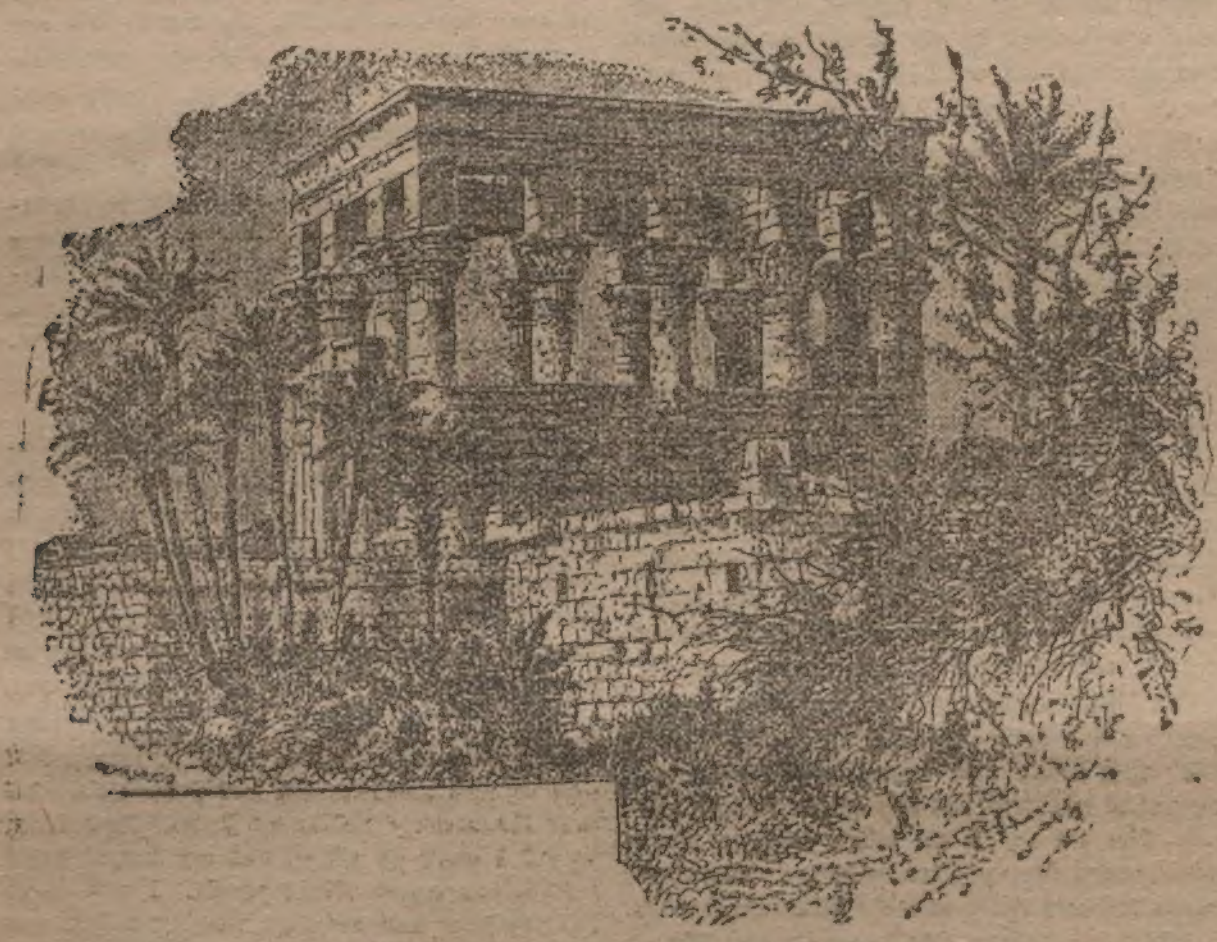
An Island of Temples.

Throughout the six hundred miles between Cairo and Assouan, the river Nile varies little in width or speed. At Assouan, however, it widens suddenly almost into a lake, the current slackens its pace, and, instead of mud banks, granite rocks fringe the shore. The first cataract (a series of rapids, not a fall) lies about three miles higher up, the scenery throughout this distance being very charming.

Above the rapids, about five miles from



PHARAOH'S BED, PHILÆ.

Assouan, lies the lovely island of Philae, smiling with fertility and decked with the ruins of graceful temples. There, on the borders of Nubia, in the heat of a southern sun, the old idolatry of Egypt lingered latest, and had its priests and priestesses, its altars and its sacrifices, long after Christianity had become the state religion of Egypt and of the Roman Empire.

Viewed from a distance these temples are fair and lovely still. They stand in a spot beautiful almost beyond comparison. Time and Nature have dealt tenderly with them, clothing them with flowers and beautiful plants, hiding the rents in their sides, and the havoc which fierce hands long since wrought on their walls.

It was feared that the building of the dam at Assouan might result in the pent-up waters rising so high as to entirely cover the island. Of course, if the prosperity of Egypt could only be assured by the destruction of Philae, the island would have to go. But Sir Benjamin Baker and Sir John Aird have both stated that Philae will come to no harm.

The island will be slightly flooded in places when the water is at its highest and the soaking of the hitherto dry, light soil will probably cause some settling down. But by means of under-pinning and steel girders all harm to the historic ruins has, it is thought, been sufficiently guarded against, and 'Pharaoh's Bed,' with its companions, will still remain to delight the eyes of travellers.—'Cottager and Artisan.'

Young People's Summer Missionary Conferences.

The summer conferences of the Young People's Missionary Movement have, within two short years, come to be recognized as leading factors in the training of young people for missionary work in the home churches. So great has been the influence of these conferences during the past year that the Secretary of one of the largest missionary boards of America recently reported that 'Almost without exception, wherever a strong work has been discovered this year in any young people's society, the causes have been traced immediately to the Silver Bay Conference of last year or the year before.'

Three of the conferences will be held during the coming summer:—One at Winona Lake, Indiana, June 17-26, one at Lookout Mountain, Tennessee, July 1-10, and one at Silver Bay, on Lake George, New York, July 22-31.

Each day's programme will begin with a quiet hour of Bible Study and prayer, under the direction of teachers of well-known power. The second hour will be devoted to Conferences for the discussion of practical methods of missionary work in Churches, Sunday-schools and Young People's Societies. During the third hour, the members will be divided into classes for the study of home and foreign missions. These classes will consider the new Forward Mission-Study Text-Books for 1904-5, and will be under the direction of such experts as Dr. T. H. P. Sailer, Educational Secretary of the Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church in America; Mr. Don O. Shelton, Associate Secretary of the Congregational Home Missionary Society, and Dr. A. L. Phillips, General Superintendent of Sabbath-School Work of the Presbyterian Committee of Publication. The purpose of these classes will be to prepare the delegates for leadership of similar classes in local societies during the ensuing year. The afternoon of the conferences will be devoted wholly to recreation, for which there are exceptionally favorable environments and facilities. The recreation committee will each day make announcements of a variety of special excursions, outings and sports.

The Young People's Societies and Sunday-School organizations should plan to send their strongest workers to the Conferences. Representation should not, however, be limited to those who are already at the head of missionary departments. It should include persons who may, and probably, with proper teaching, will become leaders in missionary work among young people. Young People's Societies which have come in contact with these Conferences in preceding years are this year emphasizing the importance of having their best workers attend, and, in many instances, are arranging to pay a portion of all of the delegates' expenses rather than be deprived of the value of the Conferences in their work during the coming year.

It is impossible to announce at this time a complete list of speakers, but among those who expect to be present and assist on the programme at Silver Bay are the following leaders:—

The Hon. Samuel B. Capen, President of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, Boston.

Mr. Robert E. Speer, Secretary of the Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church in America.

Mr. S. H. Hadley, Superintendent of the Jerry McAuley Mission.

Mr. John Willis Baer, Assistant Secretary of the Board of Home Missions of the Presbyterian Church in America.

The Rev. E. H. Dutton, Assistant Secretary of the American Baptist Missionary Union.

Mr. S. Earl Taylor, Field Secretary for the Young People's Work of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Winona Lake is 120 miles east of Chicago on the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago Railway, and the same distance north of Indianapolis on the Big Four. An electric line connects the grounds with the City of Warsaw, two miles distant. The directors of the Winona Assembly have spent more than half a million dollars in making the four hundred acres of forest and hill, valley and beach an ideal place for gatherings of Christian workers.

The Silver Bay Conference will be held on Lake George, which is known as the Queen of American Lakes, situated in the Adirondack Mountains, 70 miles north of Albany, easily accessible, and popular as one of the most picturesque waterways of the world. Silver Bay Hotel, in which the Conference will take place, is on the west side of the lake, 22 miles from the southern and eight miles from the northern end. It is impossible to exhaust the recreation pleasures that are offered at Silver Bay.

Reduced rates have been secured for the Conferences on nearly all railways. The hotels have likewise been placed practically at the absolute disposal of the Conference Committee, thus enabling exceptionally low hotel rates to be made. These rates, however, are offered only to regularly accredited delegates and arrangements must be made with the Committee in advance, in order to secure credentials and accommodations. Additional information can be secured by addressing the Young People's Missionary Movement, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

'No Collections Taken.'

(The Rev. George Frank Nason, in the 'Presbyterian Banner.')

'Does not this church give anything to charity and to home and foreign missions and to other general work? If it does, how is this money raised?'

The little church, of which I have the honor and privilege to be pastor, came into existence some twelve years ago. The pastor for the first ten and a half years was the Rev. Francis E. Smith, now of Port Jervais. In the very beginning the church, under his wise leadership, refused to permit any suppers, entertainments, promiscuous begging or other substitute for giving. They also protected the gifts of the members from publicity, making the contributions of the members a matter of the individual conscience; not permitting the pastor or the elders to know the amounts given by any member of the church. Pledges are made which run until recalled, and these pledges are placed in the hands of the treasurer, who gives the subscriber a number and carries the account by number. So careful is he to remove as far as possible the amounts from his own knowledge that he is able to recall but few of the amounts.

In the same way support is given to the foreign missionary, which the church has supported for the past seven years. The church is growing, and during the past year has undertaken to support two missionaries and will, during the coming year—commencing January 1—endeavor to support three missionaries. There are only 149 names on the roll, resident and non-resident, alive and quiescent. Commencing the first of last January the collections for current expenses were removed from the church and the result was an immediate increase of income by over $1,000. At the door there is a box, in which the envelopes are dropped as the people enter the church. The inner box is removed and taken to the altar for consecration at the time that offerings are usually taken. In our literature we print: 'Who are expected not to give. The stranger within our gates is our honored guest and is thrice welcome to the best we have to offer.'

The result of our system has been to develop a conscientiousness in giving. Unto the Lord is the gift made and the Lord alone will know the heart and the spirit of the gift. The first of the year we remove the monthly offering we have taken during the past year for benevolent purposes; that is, the plate collection. In the place thereof, when we send the little wall pocket to the members containing the envelopes for six months for current expenses it will also contain an equal number of colored envelopes for benevolent purposes. Upon these envelopes is printed an explanation of the benevalence to which the money enclosed will be given. Not only conscientious, but discriminate, giving is taught. Thirteen offerings in the church will be for the support of our foreign missionary, 13 for our home missionary, and 13 for our Sabbath school missionary. This leaves 13 to be distributed among the various benevolences of the church; four of these are given to the communion offerings for the poor. Thus this offering is brought to the attention and the money thoughtfully prepared in advance.

The church supports the Sabbath school, and in a little school we received $384 last year for benevolent purposes. The offerings of the Sabbath school are also to be taken in the envelopes and the children trained to systematic support of the church. They support our missionaries with a monthly offering for each and then give, not only to all the benevolences of the church, but to organized Sabbath school work of the country, State and nation. They are trained to intelligent support. Two placards appear on the wall each Sabbath. The one with the purpose of the offering of the day and the other of the offering of the following Sabbath and the school has continuous instruction as to the work of the various boards and committees.

Our church does not allow the solicitation of money from the members by the deacons or others for any church purposes, local or general. Pulpit instruction is given regarding the various 'causes,' and letters are read from our missionaries. I very much doubt whether any other system will appeal so strongly as the little pockets or envelopes which are sent to every member of the church. A condition of membership is participation in the support of the church. We have no pew rents and never will have. The members regularly giving to the current expenses are faced every week by the appeal of the little blue envelope and with the consciousness that this is all the appeal for funds that will be made.

Several things might be said in connection with the plan: The spirit of equality and fraternity among the members of the church. The man with a gold ring, etc., is upon the same plane as the poorer brother. The willingness of this little congregation, worshipping in a little chapel, to undertake the support of two more missionaries while they are raising the money to build a church. The fact that the money for church building can be raised upon a simple appeal to conscience and without either entertainments or personal solicitation of money. The willingness of the members who have become conscientious in money matters also to undertake personal work for Christ. The appeal of the church to mature men and their confession of Christ. The fact that we can carry a waiting list of educated and spiritual men and women who are ready to teach in the Bible school when the opportunity offers. But time would fail and space to tell of the many ways in which we believe this apostolic and Christian method of raising money aids in the spiritual life of the church.

Limited.

How sadly we ponder over the limitations of life. When Paul was bound with chains he writes to his brethren, 'Remember my bonds!' Paul's great desire was to preach the Gospel, but how could he preach the Gospel when he was bound with those chains? Why, just in this way: The great apostle was chained to the soldiers of the Praetorian Guard, four hours to one soldier, then four hours to another. Paul preached to these, and so reached the court of Caesar. This far-famed Roman Guard would have scorned if Paul had attempted to preach to them when in a body, but the bond gave the opportunity to the preacher, and through this he must have reached Caesar's household.

In spite of our bonds, how much we can do! With limited opportunities all the inventions of the ages have been wrought, all the victories achieved, all the grand discoveries have been made, all the great books have been written.

Richard Baxter for many years had the bond of physical weakness, and he wrote one hundred and forty-five distinct works.

Whitfield's last years were full of physical suffering, but while his outward man was bound with this chain, his inward man was so forcefully alive that thousands hung upon his words, and were by his preaching won over to Christ. Howard, the great philanthropist, Cowper the gifted poet, both of these suffered from a similar bond or chain.

Many great men have worked their way up the height while bound fast with the chains of poverty. Yes, in spite of the fact that we are in bonds we may make much of life.

In the early days of our country a debtor was 'put on limits,' and he might not go beyond those limits were they ever so subscribed. And it was so planned that this debtor might go on with his business while so restricted. Now this is just what the Lord expects of us. He puts us on limits, and yet bids us do his work. We say, If I had more time, more strength, more money, more talents, I would do. The Lord says, just as you are, in your limits; do your best to further my work. We are to stretch our powers, to stretch, if possible, our limits; to go on hopefully and prayerfully; then probably the limits will be widened and broadened. To the end of life we will be in bonds, we will be limited, but the bonds and the limits are for good if we are living in right ways, looking to the Lord for help, for furtherance, for release.—Anna D. Walker, in 'Intelligencer.'

Here is a true story about a missionary helper instead of a hinderer. He was called Simeone, the bell ringer, and his story belongs to the early days of mission work in Africa: 'I used to call Christ my friend, and then I called him my mother, because he loved me so and brought me into this new life, and because he keeps me from all harm like a mother; yes, often when the bullets of the Dutch have been falling around me in the wars like rain, I felt God wanted me to work, and I have been all over the country telling of Jesus. Now I am so old I can't go about, but my heart longs for the conversion of my people. I used to go out morning and evening, ringing a bell and calling through the villages, "Tapellong! Tapellong!" (come to prayer). At first the people came, but afterward they stopped coming. I still went out every day, calling, "Tapellong!" but nobody came. I couldn't give up, for the missionary did not, and besides it was the work God gave me, so I went on ringing the bell and calling "Tapellong!" for thirty-six years. At last one day five people came, and all were converted. They were the worst people in the village, and things were different after that.'

Postal Crusade.

The following amounts have been received for the India Post-Office Crusade Fund:—

Mrs. H. Schroder, London, Ont.	$ .30
James Trethewey, Chilliwack, B.C.	.30
Friend, Oak Grove, Man.	2.00
John Gibson, Mossley, Ont.	1.05
Mrs. J. W. Curran, Covey Station, Que.	1.00
Helen Dods, Maple Ridge, Que.	.70
Mrs. A. McDougall, Clan William, Man.	.80
Susan Morrison, East Mines Station, N.S	.70
Mrs. Walter, Christian, Camilla, Ont.	.20
Friend, Berlin, Ont.	1.50
	$8.55

Prune thou thy words, the thoughts control,
That o'er thee swell and throng,
They shall condense within thy soul,
And change to purpose strong.

But he who lets his feelings run,
In soft, luxurious flow,
Shrinks when hard service must be done,
And faints at every woe.

Faith's meanest deed more favor bears,
Where hearts and wills are weighed,
Than brightest transports, choicest prayers,
That bloom their hour and fade.
—Newman.

BOYS AND GIRLS

The Dog That Took Two Premiums.

(Carroll Watson Rankin, in 'Wellspring.')

Ten minutes after the doors were opened the morning of entry day at the county fair, a boy, leading a large, black and white, shaggy dog, presented himself at the counter of the administration building.

'I want to enter a dog,' said he.

'What kind of a dog?' asked Herbert Wane, who was making entries for all the departments. 'Is he a hound, a spaniel, a poodle, a setter, or a mastiff?'

'I don't know,' said the boy, eyeing his four-footed companion reflectively. 'I guess he does not know himself what kind of a dog he is, but he's a good dog.'

'There doesn't seem to be any prize offered in this book for good dogs,' said Herbert mischievously. 'What's your name?'

'Martin Shepherd.'

'Why, that settles it,' laughed Herbert, running his pencil down the premium list. 'It's a shepherd dog, of course. There's an entry fee of fifty cents. Got the money?'

The boy went down into the depths of his trousers pocket and fished up pennies and also nickels to the extent of forty-nine cents. A second prolonged struggle brought the final reluctant penny to light. The boy, very red as to complexion, tied the entry card to the dog's shabby collar, and departed, with his exhibit trailing after him, to the bench show near the stock yards.

The bench was literally a bench and nothing more. Built of rough boards, it was twenty-five feet long, by three feet wide, with no overhead covering. To the managers of the fair, the bench show was a mere farce, and most of the grown-up patrons scorned this humble section of the exhibition; but to the boy portion of the population it was always deeply interesting, for the dogs were usually personal friends. Some years there were as many as a dozen exhibits; other years there were none. The success of the bench show depended, apparently, upon the size of the huckleberry crop. When that failed, the youthful owners of dogs found the entry fee prohibitive.

For a time it looked as if Martin's dog were to have the long bench all to himself; but before the day was over, other boys appeared with other dogs, until no fewer than seven surprised exhibits sat wagging their tails on the long bench. To keep their exhibits from devouring one another, the exhibitors found it necessary to sit beside them on the bench, and more than one amused spectator asked pertinently: 'Is this a dog show or a boy show?'

By the second day, however, the dogs either discovered that they were on exhibition or else became resigned to the inevitable. At any rate, they snoozed comfortably in unconventional attitudes, in their places on the bench, and appeared to enjoy the sunshine. Relieved of all responsibility, the boys found themselves at liberty to roam where they just pleased. The first use Martin made of his freedom was to apply at the administration building for work.

'I can run errands like anything,' he said by way of recommendation.

'Well, run like anything with this note to the man that's selling tickets down at the east gate,' said Herbert, handing the boy an envelope. 'If you're back inside of fifteen minutes, there'll be something else for you to do.'

After that, when Martin was not running errands or attending to his dog, he was gazing with rapt but silent admiration at Herbert. The boy had never known anyone like him. Herbert was tall, broad-shouldered and dark; his brown eyes sparkled with mischief and his hair was black. He was full of fun and never at a loss for something to say. Martin was small, sandy, and freckled, his blue eyes were of almost owl-like solemnity, and his vocabulary was greatly overbalanced by his shyness; nevertheless, so great was his admiration for the older lad, that he promptly resolved to grow up to be precisely like him. Herbert, without in the least suspecting the power of his influence, was amused at Martin's devotion.

Apparently the balloon man, as everyone called the professional aeronaut, shared Martin's opinion of Herbert. At any rate, each day, before he made his thrilling ascension, followed by a parachute drop, the man handed the president's son his watch, his purse, and a letter, all of which were to be mailed to his wife, in case of a fatal termination to his perilous upward journey. Each day Herbert glowed with pride at being so trusted, and Martin's respect increased visibly.

'My!' the boy said, thinking of certain shady transactions in his own past, 'I wish I was as honest as him. I guess his mother ain't much afraid to trust him with the cookies. I guess he never stole his mother's jam.'

Herbert, however, was much overrated by both his admirers, for in reality he was remarkable for nothing but his excessive carelessness.

Thursday was premium day. The judges for the stock department had spent a trying morning among the horses, cows, sheep, and swine. It was two o'clock before, after much discussion, they had selected the prize-winning Durham bull, and the most meritorious Berkshire pig—and they had had no luncheon.

'What's next?' asked one of them, leaning wearily against the sheep pen. 'Hadn't we better leave the rest until we've had dinner?'

'There's nothing left but the bench show and the poultry,' said the superintendent, consulting his book. 'It wouldn't be worth while to come back here for that. Here, I'll tell you what we'll do; we'll divide forces. You two attend to the dogs and Miller and I will begin with the chickens. Your task will be light—there are so few entries that I guess every dog will take a prize.'

Martin's dog, Sport, was curled in a comfortable heap at the end of the line. He was not as beautiful as he was peculiar, and opinions differed as to whether he was a black-and-white animal or a white-and-black one. If one looked at him squarely from the right, he was a black dog. Viewed from the left, he was a white dog with a black face and a few black blotches. It has been said that the leopard cannot change his spots, neither could Sport change his, but at times, he could, and did, conceal them.

To all intents and purposes, Sport curled in a heap and blinking one eye at the weary judges, was a black dog—the only shepherd dog entered—and, as a black shepherd dog, he was awarded a premium.

When the judges reached the fourth dog, they found it necessary to ask the superintendent a question, so they followed the officer to the poultry sheds. There they met the thoughtful secretary, approaching to regale them with sandwiches and hot coffee, which they disposed of, sitting picnic-fashion on the grass.

During the absence of the judges, Sport discovered that the further end of the bench was flooded with sunshine, while his own resting place was in the shade. The sunny spot had been occupied during the morning by Nate Porter's pointer, Bob, but Bob, having an hour previously grown tired of being an exhibit, had gnawed his rope and had unceremoniously departed for home, leaving behind him a large card bearing the word 'Pointer' still nailed to the rail beneath his place on the bench. Martin, having once known a boy whose dog had jumped from a barn window with disastrous results, owing to the shortness of his rope, was taking no such chances with his exhibit. A generous half of Mrs. Shepherd's clothesline connected Sport with the iron ring in the bench. Sport, all innocence, and with no intention to deceive, arose, then stretched himself and strolled leisurely to the farther end of the bench, where he lay down upon the black side of himself. He thus killed two birds with one stone, for with one move he became not only a nearly white dog, but also a pointer, as the card below him testified.

When the judges, refreshed by their coffee, returned, Sport being the only pointer in evidence, went down in the book for another first prize.

The next morning, Martin gazed in bewilderment at the two premium checks handed to him by the superintendent.

'Say,' said Martin, to another youthful exhibitor, 'I don't see how I took two prizes with only one dog, do you? There's some mistake.'

''Sh!' said the other boy. 'You're in luck, you are. Keep still. Go over to the office and get your money. They'll never know you didn't enter two dogs. Go to the chap that didn't do the entering.'

'But I didn't have any pointer,' objected Martin.

'Nate Porter did; but Nate's gone to the Soo to the ball game with his father. The fair'll be over by the time he gets back. You'll have four dollars! I wish't I was you!'

'But it wouldn't be straight, would it?'

'Sure; it ain't your fault if the judges don't look at both sides of your dog. I seen him down at Nate's end of the bench yesterday afternoon and I didn't know him for the same dog until he stood up.'

Martin, tempted, but doubtful, strolled toward the administration building. He was welcomed eagerly by Herbert.

'Say,' said Herbert, 'you saw the balloon man give me his things yesterday, didn't you? Did you notice what I did with them? Did you see a letter among them?'

'Yes,' said Martin. 'He gave you a watch, a pocketbook, and a big, white envelope—kind of dirty on the edges it was. You laid it on that shelf behind you.'

'Exactly,' said Herbert. 'Afterwards I took the watch and the money home for safe keeping, but I can't find the letter. I haven't the faintest notion what I did with it.'

'Maybe the balloon man can write out another.'

'Maybe he can, and maybe he can't,' said Herbert. 'That's just what's worrying me. He hasn't come back.'

It was true. The balloonist had not returned, and the time for his next performance was approaching. The first two days, there had been little or no wind, and the aeronaut had sailed gently to earth only a short distance from the fair grounds. The third day, however, there had been a stiff breeze. The big, grimy, collapsed balloon had been picked up six miles from its starting place, but its owner and his parachute were still missing. The address on the lost letter was Herbert's sole means of finding the balloonists' people in case of a fatality—and it began to look as if the unfortunate man had been carried into the lake.

'I declare,' said Herbert, who, indeed, looked

anxious, 'I don't know what to do. I can't think what can have become of the letter. I asked the night watchman if he saw it, but he says he didn't.'

'Say,' said Martin, 'where did that pile of wrapping paper go that was under that shelf, yesterday?'

'Burned up, I guess. I hadn't thought of that.'

'I saw one of the men pick it up,' said Martin, darting away.

A moment later, the boy was burrowing in a mass of papers stuffed into a huge stove at one end of the large building, dragging them out, regardless of soot and fruit parings, and piling them on the floor. Then, finding the papers in the lower part of the grate beyond his reach, he wriggled his head and shoulders in at the stove door, and, with his heels in the air, fished up the rest. Herbert dragged him out by the ankles and the balloonist's letter dropped to the floor.

'That was a close shave,' said Herbert, seizing the letter joyfully. 'You're the finest boy I know. If you don't look out, you'll grow up to be president.'

Martin's freckles vanished in the flood of scarlet that rushed to the edges of his sandy hair. What would Herbert think of him if he knew that at that very moment he had two prize checks for one solitary dog in his pocket, and was thinking of cashing them one at a time so that no one would suspect the truth? How could he deceive Herbert, who was so honest that even the balloon man who had known him only three days, was willing to trust him with all his worldly goods? Besides, how was he ever to be just like Herbert, if he cashed both of those checks? With such a shining example before him, it didn't take him long to decide.

'Say,' said Martin, following Herbert to the office, and laying the twin premium checks side by side on the counter, 'the judges made a mistake and gave me two prizes for that dog of mine. I don't know what kind of a dog he is, but I guess he isn't two dogs.'

A moment later, cheers burst from the crowd near the gate. Martin, without knowing the cause, began to cheer, too, for both the secretary and Herbert had commended his honesty in the matter of the premium checks, and he felt as if all the applause were for him.

A hack dashed up and stopped at the door of the administration building. From it, the balloonist, with his parachute under his arm, stepped forth and was soon telling the story of his night in a cedar swamp, and his rescue, in the morning, by a friendly woodsman.

'And now,' said the balloon man, 'I want an honest boy to do an errand for me.'

'Here's one,' said Herbert, laying his hand on Martin's shoulder. 'There isn't an honester boy in the county.'

After that, there wasn't, for from that moment, even his mother's cookies were safe.

The A of B's of C.

(Adelaide Denning Newton, in the 'Union Signal.')

Queer things had been happening in the little village of Colford. Old Mrs. Green, who lives alone in the little house at the end of the road, had ordered a cord of wood to be drawn on Thursday afternoon. That evening, when she started for the prayer-meeting, the wood was in her door-yard. When she returned, an hour and a half later, she found it sawed, split, and neatly tiered in the wood-house.

Alton Ray, the little lame boy, found a new crutch mysteriously replacing the old battered one that hurt his shoulder.

Patrick Halliday's onion-bed on Tuesday night was running over with weeds, and the next morning not a weed was to be seen. Patrick himself believed it to be the work of the fairies, but since they were evidently well disposed toward him, he was not at all disturbed.

An air of mystery pervaded the whole village. Every one talked of the strange happenings which no one seemed able to explain.

It was not generally known that a new society had been organized among the boys and girls of the village. It was called the A of B's of C. Only the initiated knew that the letters stood for 'Association of Brownies of Colford.' Weekly meetings were held on each Tuesday afternoon. The members were asked to contribute written suggestions for helping others.

It was Helena Bradford who suggested weeding the onion-bed. Her father was the village doctor, and Helena had overheard poor old Patrick in her father's office complaining of his rheumatic shoulders.

It was Eddie Hollister who suggested that the nickel collection be used for the new crutch.

Flossie Ryan told the society of the hard times that had come to the Mullens family. Mr. Mullens had been sick for weeks, and Mrs. Mullens needed to work to supply the wants of the family. She was strong and willing to work, but the babies took all her time. The result of this information was that six brownies were appointed to visit in turn at the Mullens' house, and beg the privilege of taking care of Billie and the twins during a morning. Of course, the brownies went disguised as just young girls, and grateful Mrs. Mullens never suspected the truth.

The Association is adding to its membership, and its work is being carried on stealthily and with merry good-will after the true brownie fashion.

A Czar's Choice.

When Napoleon invaded Russia, the court and nobles prepared to fight or flee. St. Petersburg especially was in the midst of political ferment and anxiety. There was one noteworthy exception, however. Prince Galitzin was unmoved, and proceeded with his daily duties with perfect calmness. The Czar sent for his favorite, and asked for an explanation, perhaps not without some doubt of Galitzin's loyalty under such trying circumstances.

'The Lord is my defence, sire, I am as safe here as anywhere.' When Alexander I. asked the source of this assurance, Galitzin produced a Bible, and opening at the ninety-first Psalm, read the whole of it.

Before starting on his last campaign against Napoleon, Alexander I. attended public worship at the cathedral. The Scripture selection read was Psalm xci. After a day's march the chaplain was summoned to read to his royal master, and again the ninety-first Psalm was in evidence.

'Hold,' said the Czar, 'did Galitzin tell you to read that to me?'

'Assuredly not, sir; I asked God to direct me to a passage, and I felt constrained to select this psalm.'

The outcome of this incident was to make Alexander I. feel the need of Divine guidance, and through the help of the Holy Spirit to adopt the Bible as his counsel and the rule of his life.

'One with God makes a majority,' some one has well said, for if God be on our side we need not fear any who may oppose; God cannot be overcome, if all the world were combined against him.—'Friendly Greetings.'

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Young Snobs.

The snobbishness of the young people of the present day is a growing fault, and one that must influence the character of future homes. Girls are much more often guilty of it than boys. When a miss of twelve runs over the coats and hats in a dressing-room to see the labels on them after proudly announcing that hers came from Blank's, the highest priced place in New York, and scornfully condemns the wrap of one little guest as 'home-made because there is no name at all on it,' there is something radically wrong with the home teaching and example. And what a charm has that girl who, if rich, never speaks of her own clothes or belongings, who treats her friends the same under all circumstances, and who can, if need be, simply and without arrogance or patronage, make happy a shabby or unpopular companion. Girls need no instruction how to do this. The opportunity comes many times, at school and college, at home and in society, and it is the girl of really fine breeding who accepts it.—'Harper's Bazar.'

Polly Hopkins.

(Susan Teall Perry, in the 'N. Y. Evangelist.')

'Pretty, pretty Polly Hopkins,
How d'ye do? how d'ye do?'

'There, grandpa, you have helped us out of a quandary. The name shall be Polly Hopkins. What do you say, girls?'

'Agreed!' exclaimed a chorus of voices.

'What is the business before the house this afternoon?' the silver-haired gentleman asked, as he stood on the threshold of the sitting-room and glanced about.

'We are dressing a hospital doll, grandpa,' spoke Alice Waters, the golden-haired granddaughter. 'We girls have been making her clothes, but we could not find a name that quite suited us, until you came with your bit of rhyme. Isn't she a pretty, pretty Polly Hopkins, really, grandpa?' And Alice held up a doll for the old gentleman's inspection.

'A very likely-looking young lady, and, if her face is not deceiving, she has a very amiable disposition. Does she always smile and look as happy?'

'You must not make fun of our dolly, Mr. Giddings,' Christine Marvin said, as she tried on the Kate Greenaway dress she had been making. 'We spent all one morning hunting through the stores to find the doll that had the cheeriest expression. You know there ought to be smiling, bright faces in the sick room always.'

'Fun of Polly Hopkins, my dear young friends! Most certainly not. I think she is entitled to the highest respect. She is going on a mission, one of the very best missions, too.'

Mr. Giddings was ready for his afternoon stroll, so he bade the girls good-by. As he opened the door to pass out, a sweet-faced girl came running up the steps. 'I suppose you have all been wondering what had become of me, but I've made amends for being late. See what I bought this morning of an old woman at the corner of Fourteenth Street,' she said, as she came into the sitting-room with beaming face.

'Oh, how lovely!' 'How cunning!' were the exclamations, as Edna Bayless held up a doll's fur cape and muff.

'That settles the matter about the ulster and hat,' said Lena Fisher. 'We will go right to work and make them, and then Polly Hopkins will be fully equipped for the mission.'

'Is that what you have named her, girls?'

Alice Waters told the little incident that resulted in the choice of a name, and the new-

comer agreed with her friends that it was a good one.

'Polly won't need an ulster and hat, for she will probably have few chances of getting out-doors; however, it will be great fun for the children to dress her up in her wraps, and make believe let her go.'

'Aunt Lucy told me that I should be astonished to hear how the sick children amused themselves "making believe." They play on the counterpanes, and "make believe" the figures are animals and flowers and trees. One boy laid out a plot at Central Park on his. He had the shepherd and the sheep in one corner. And a little Swedish boy piled up one side so it looked like snow-clad hills, and they made believe the smooth part was the ocean, and sailed back to his fatherland.'

'It must be dreadful to be ill in a hospital, away from your home and your mother.'

'Yes, but the nurses are so very kind, and they look so pretty in their white caps!'

'We ought to be packing up dolly's things; where is the box?'

'What fun the little sick girls will have putting on and taking off dolly's clothes!'

'Six suits! A good outfit for Miss Polly.'

These were the bits of talk the five girls had, as they sat around the table, getting the hospital doll ready to take to the children's ward. When Miss Polly had on her wraps and was ready to go, each of the girls told her what she must do to make her mission a success. If Polly Hopkins did half the things she was told to do, she would prove an angel of mercy indeed.

It was five o'clock when the girls started for the hospital with their gift. The horse-cars were crowded, so they were wedged in among fat people and lean people, but high above them all they held Polly Hopkins, so that she would not get bruised or mutilated. They were very merry as they rode along up-town, though their spirits were quiet enough when they reached the hospital steps. They almost persuaded themselves that they had not the courage to go in. But the sweet face of 'Sister Mary' appeared in the open door, and they were soon telling their errand.

'Just what we needed, dear children,' she said, in a gentle tone. 'Our dollies have all grown weary with their constant service, and are looking quite worn. A fresh, cheery-faced newcomer will be gladly welcomed in the ward I can assure you.'

The girls followed the head nurse to the ward. When she stepped into the room she held up the new dolly, and said: 'These good girls have brought their little sick friends a new dolly, and she has a funny name. You will all laugh when you hear it. It is "Polly Hopkins." She is going to stay here and make you happy. I think little Amy Crandall must have her first.' Then Sister Mary told the girls how homesick little Amy was. She had been brought there the week before, to be treated for curvature of the spine, and she pined very much for her mother, who was off at work trying to support the little brothers and sisters.

Such a look of delight as came over little Amy's face as she took 'Polly Hopkins' in her hand!

When the girls were on their homeward way they did not feel quite satisfied with what they had done.

'It is too bad to have those other children obliged to wait until their turn comes, before they can have the new doll. There ought to be a number more of just such dollies, so that they could be distributed around,' said Alice Waters.

'Yes, every girl ought to have one for her very own. It is hard, after one has just become attached to a doll, to have it taken away and given to somebody else,' Edna Bayless added.

After talking the mater over, the girls decided to form a 'Polly Hopkins Society,' and dress dolls for hospitals, and to make it their business to look after the clothes and needs of the dolls sent out to do the good work, and when one got weary and worn, to see that it was taken out for a rest and a new one substituted.

When Alice told her grandfather at the table that night of the project, he said, 'I will give you a little fund to start with,' and he laid a new, crisp five-dollar bill by Alice's plate.

A Pet Prairie Dog.

I have seldom seen an animal of any kind that could be made a pet of without trying to get one of them to experiment on. I tried for about two years to get a young coyote alive. I know that if I could catch one that was still young, I would have no more trouble in raising it than in raising a puppy. I finally got one by roping it; but I must have hurt it when I pulled it down, for it died in my hands in a day or two. Several years after this I had a greyhound that would catch them for me, and not hurt them; but I had a bear on my hands then and did not have room for a menagerie. However, I did get an old one that the dog pulled down for me; but after I had kept him several days without being able to get him to eat anything, I let him go again.

The prairie dog was another animal that I wanted, and at last got. I at first tried to drown them out of their burrows in the spring, when I thought there would be young ones among them; but pouring water in one of these holes is much like pouring it into a rat hole. Their burrows would sometimes get flooded in a heavy rain, then I could catch them and get my hands bitten all over. They have teeth as sharp as needles, and know how to use them. I caught an old one, a male, and putting a cord around his neck brought him home and staked him out on the grass. In a short time he began to dig a hole; he meant to stay. I let him keep at work at it for a while, then took the cord off his neck. He put down a slanting hole about three feet long, with a small chamber at the bottom; then made his bed in the chamber, using dead grass for a bed. I got him hay and excelsior, and he used these to make his bed. Every week or two I would leave a fresh lot of it near his hole; then he would rake out the old bed and make a new one. I fed him cabbage leaves, the tops of vegetables out of the garden, and sugar, and when I could get it an apple once in a while. Apples were what he wanted, but I could not often get them, and they cost me five cents each when they could be got, so he did not often get any. He would sit up on his hind legs and take sugar out of my hand, but would never let me touch him.

It is generally thought that these dogs live without water; it is true that their towns are often found miles from any surface water; but I have always thought that one burrow at least in each town was sunk far enough to reach the water. They certainly use it—mine did. I kept a tin can sunk in the ground near his hole with water in it; he would drink the water, then sit at the can dipping his paws in it; but I never saw him wash as some animals do.

He was kept for eighteen months; then we were ordered away, and he was so tame now that if I left him behind he would be killed sooner or later when I was not there to prevent it, so I got him into a basket, then carried him back to the town I had taken him out of, and turned him loose in it.—From 'Forest and Stream.'

Maps That Talked

(Julia F. Deane, in the 'Christian Endeavor World.')

'It is a case of limited vision, caused by looking so long at our narrow circle of interests,' said Jean Varnum. 'What the people of our church need is a pair of long-distance spectacles through which they can be brought to see the needs of the whole world.'

The vicissitudes of the missionary committee of the Third Church had been many and mighty. For six months they had been trying to resuscitate the missionary conscience of that church, and to-night they sat in the pastor's study with the uncomfortable certainty that they had failed.

During that period there had been stirring missionary addresses in season and out of season. With great expenditure of energy and much vexation of spirit there had been evolved from the minds of the committee strange and curious missionary entertainments, wherein figured representatives from every nation. And there had been missionary suppers, and missionary dinners. There had been distributions of fanciful mite-boxes, barrels, and jugs. And the people of the Third Church had listened, and eaten, and even generously reached into full purses and given, and then had straightway departed to their homes and dismissed the whole subject of missions with the remark:

'A very capable and enthusiastic missionary committee in office this winter. They deserve much credit for their enterprise.'

'I believe Jean is right; it is a limited vision with which we have to deal,' said Jack Denby, the chairman. 'I remember an oculist's telling me that the average resident in our cities, being seldom obliged to look farther than a few blocks, loses the power, which the Indian possesses, to see great distances. I had never thought of it, but why should it not hold true of the mind? What we need evidently is to accustom ourselves to a wider range of sight. Now please listen, but do not frown. I know what I am about to suggest will not be popular. I believe we ought to place in every home a silent member of this committee. My idea is this: to purchase a quantity of neat, small maps of the world, and distribute them among our friends with the request that they be placed on the walls of home or office where they cannot fail to be seen many times a day. We will not relax our efforts in other directions, but we will watch and pray for the influence of the silent member.'

Four dubious faces looked in at him, and gave unenthusiastic acquiescence.

'Imagine offering a map of the world to a college graduate. I wouldn't mind a missionary tract half as much,' said Edith Darlington dolefully.

'We have already established a reputation for doing queer things in our extreme zeal. One more won't count,' replied Bert Tompkins consolingly.

Six months later each of the four received a note from the chairman, requesting that they interview as many as possible of the recipients of the maps, and report at a meeting to be held the following Monday evening in the pastor's study.

'Mr. Chairman, may I speak first? I have so much to tell,' enquired Deborah Bennet. 'I am as exuberant to-night as I was depressed six months ago. Of course I am not intending to bore you with a report of all the people I interviewed. I must confess that a fair proportion had lost their maps, totally forgotten their promise, or were politely indifferent to the whole matter. But the saving remnant was inspiring. Listen! I went to Lawyer Denby. My! how I dreaded it! He was as frigid as a polar bear on the occasion of my

first call, and allowed me to tack up the map only because I happen to be my father's daughter, and he dotes on my father. When the office boy ushered me into his office yesterday, his severe face lighted up in a most delightful fashion, and he at once pointed to the map I had fastened on the wall. There were queer little crosses in black ink in ever so many places.

'"Do you see those?" he asked fiercely, although his eyes smiled. "Nearly spoiled your pretty map, didn't I? I'm going to keep right on, too. Those marks are where I have investments. See that one down in India? Madras. Remember the man you had here to talk about India? Usually I dispose of those matters by giving fifty cents or a dollar. How do you suppose I was going to do that, with that impertinent map staring me in the face every time I turned my head, and India spreading herself out bigger than all the United States? No, you needn't contradict me. There's nothing the matter with my eyes, and I tell you that next week after that man talked India was ten times as big as she ever was before. Well, of course the end of it was that I made that little black cross down there, and with the same pen I wrote a check to buy a share or two of stock in that missionary fellow's enterprise. Yes, I see by your eyes you want to know all about the other crosses, but I am not going to tell you. If I got started, I'd talk all the afternoon, and I've a brief due to-morrow. I see you're bound to look. There is one over in China and another in Africa—mighty fascinating business spreading your investments all over the globe, more entertaining than watching quotations from Wall Street."'

Deborah's report was greeted with applause; but litle time was wasted, for Bert Tompkins interrupted it.

Here is another equally startling. You all know my cousin, the leading debutante of the season, Marjorie Van Laningham. I could hardly persuade her to take the map, it was so inartistic, and didn't harmonize at all with the furnishing of her room. I expected to find it had long since been consigned to the scrap-basket; but, inasmuch as she was a relative, I felt I ought to follow it up. When I mentioned the subject, she grew particularly cordial, and insisted on taking me to her private sitting-room, and there was the map prettily framed in white and gold, and at certain points it was decorated with gilt stars. My eyes evidently looked a question, for she said:

'"Bert, you never did a kinder thing in your life than when you gave me that map. Every one of those stars represents a friend. In the excitement of society I had almost forgotten the girls in my class at college who left beautiful homes to go to those far-away lands, but from the day I hung the map on the wall I never glance at it but I see brave Helen Macey's face photographed all over the interior of China, and dear Jessica Nelson looks out from the desert places of Africa with her tender smile. How could I help comparing their lives and mine? I am sure you will understand the rest. There is going to be a partnership, and we will work together, I in America and they across the sea."'

'And still there is more to follow. I must add my mite,' said Edith Darlington. 'It's our washerwoman. I gave her one of the maps because she is always so doleful and worried and tired out (and reason enough she has), and I thought it would show my good will, and perhaps help educate her children. I didn't dream of anything more. Well, I had no need to interview her; she came to me voluntarily.

'"Oh, the comfort of it, Miss Edith," she said, "when things all go wrong, and a body gets to feel there's nobody ever had such an awful hard time as they are having! Then I look up at the blessed map, and all at once I remember what a great big world it is anyway, and the millions and billions of God's children there must be; and it comes over me all of a sudden how, after all, mighty few of 'em know about him and his loving-kindness. And I see India, where I heard as how they have no use for little girl babies, and I draw my Maggie closer in my arms, and bless the Lord that he lets me live in a land where his holy name is honored, and like as not I drop a bit in the mission-box, just to show him that after all my old heart's grateful."'

'The silent member centainly does not need further evidence to prove its value. I want to add only a few words,' said the chairman. 'I took a map to brilliant young Dr. Sessions, who emphatically stated that he had looked into the matter, and was convinced that the heathen were well provided for in the economy of salvation, and he had no intention of wasting his time and talents in that direction. However, as a favor to me he certainly would be quite willing to give the map wall-space. It might serve to entertain his patients while they waited. I had not seen the doctor since that call, having been out of town, and was not prepared for the cordiality of his greeting.

'"Do you know, Denby," he said, "if I had dreamed what an expensive piece of furniture that map of yours would prove, I would never have dared let you hang it up on my walls? No doubt you imagine it is like every other map you may have given away; but I tell you when I look at it, where you may see blotches of color on the surface of Africa and Asia, I see men and women, girls and boys, diseased and dying, maimed and blind, sick in body and sick in soul, waiting for a physician, waiting to hear of the Great Physician. I fancied I had successfully argued away all personal responsibility in these matters, but had not reckoned on that silent witness (indicating the map). I thought many times I would pull it down, but it would have done no good. One of the peculiarities of that map is that it photographs itself on a fellow's mind, and I have never lost sight of it. One day, Denby, I paid the price—the surrender of my will—and I've been accepted by the Board, and sail in three months for China."'

'Mr. Chairman' (it was Jean Varnum's voice with a queer tremble in it), 'I move we suspend all further business and sing the Doxology.'

And the motion was unanimously carried.

A Chinese Story.

This pretty little story is told of a spelling class in China:

The youngest of the children had by hard study contrived to keep his place so long that he seemed to claim it by right of possession. Growing self-confident, he missed a word, and it was immediately spelled by the boy standing next to him. The face of the victor expressed the triumph he felt, yet he made no move toward taking the place, and when urged to do so, firmly refused, saying, 'No, me not go; me not make Ah Fun's heart solly.'

That little act implied great self-denial, yet it was done so thoughtfully and kindly that spontaneously came the quick remark—'He do all same as Jesus.'—'Golden Rule.'

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is May, 1904, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

In the Robbers' Cave

(The Rev. H. T. Torosyan, in the 'Christian Endeavor World.')

One of the most beautiful characteristics of Oriental countries is the hospitality which one meets with on every hand. Not only is this hospitality extended to friends and acquaintances, but to strangers. If an Oriental is eating at a khan, or in his shop, or by the road side, and he observes some one, alone perhaps, and evidently a stranger, almost before he has time to look about him the newcomer finds himself accosted and cordially pressed to seat himself and share what is spread.

Another feature of these people is a sense of honor strangely unique in its careful concern in certain directions and utter disregard in others. The Mohammedan brigand who does not hesitate to plunder or even coolly murder his despoiled victim, should necessity or fancy so dictate, would no more return a blow for a kindness, ingratitude for hospitality, than would the most religious and peaceably minded of his brother Moslems.

An incident which actually occurred to a Christian friend of the writer on an expedition from Bagdad to his native town in Armenia aptly illustrates these statements.

There is a vast plain that stretches itself from the gates of Bagdad westward to the borders of Asia Minor and Syria. No man travels alone across that plain without risking his life. Caravans are constantly on the alert lest they should be surprised and attacked.

My friend had started from the city of Bagdad in the early morning, travelling all day, and after taking a few hours' rest resumed his journey in the evening. He would have waited for the next caravan, which was to start a week later, instead of setting out thus alone; but urgent necessity forced him to push on to his native city without loss of time. He had, therefore, made his horse ready, put his money, amounting to twenty thousand piastres ($750), all into copper, silver, and gold coins (for in Turkey there are neither papet currency nor banks to issue it) in his saddle-bags, and, covering them carefully with tobacco to avert suspicion, started out.

He was well armed and possessed a stout heart and plenty of courage, but he could not shut his eyes to the fact that what he carried with him might easily become the means of imperilling his life. If he had nothing in his possession, and fell into the hands of robbers, he might escape; but with a fine horse and such a sum of money he knew perfectly well that capture meant almost certain death.

'Halt!'

He started violently, at the same instant stretching his hand for his pistol; but it was too late; a strong hand grasped his wrist. He saw four men moving around him; one seized the bridle of the horse; another jerked away his pistol; still another one brandished a formidable dagger in front of him; while the fourth pulled him from the horse, and growled menacingly:

'If you attempt to break away or cry out, I will cut your throat; but, if you keep quiet, you may perhaps live half an hour longer.'

The robbers, for such they were, quickly tied his hands and bound his eyes; then, one leading his horse, two others, the young man, and the fourth following them pistol in hand, they went forward. The traveller had no choice but to go with them. He did not for an instant doubt that both horse and money were lost to him, and decided that if he could escape with his life he would not grumble against fate, but go his way on foot rejoicing; but how could even that be accomplished? To attempt to run away was out of the question. Should he ask for mercy? Once on the

way he ventured to try that; but he had not uttered more than two or three words when one of the robbers drove the butt of his rifle into his side.

They had proceeded for some five minutes and in a direction at a right angle to the road when one of the captors cried:

'Giavoor, bend your head lest it may strike against the rock.'

He obeyed. By the immediate echoing of their footsteps, and the close, damp air that struck against his face, my friend knew that they were entering a cavern. He clinched his teeth, and made a desperate but hopeless attempt to free himself, but the bonds held firm. The harsh, threatening voice of one of the robbers brought him to his senses. He raised his head, and in so doing he struck it sharply against the low hanging rock. He writhed with the sudden pain.

'Ho, giavoor,' one said; 'that is not a good way to be killed. Leave that matter to us. No need to fracture your skull. I swear by the tomb of Mohammed that we will not make you suffer so. We know a better way than that. Stop! let me untie your eyes.'

My friend opened his eyes, and shuddered inwardly. The flame of a candle threw a dim light to a little distance, beyond which impenetrable darkness yawned. One of the robbers, who looked graver and more savage than the rest, and who had the appearance of being their chief, took possession of the saddle-bags. He removed the tobacco, and, holding them upside down, poured the money out upon the ground. At sight of the copper, silver, and shining gold coins of various size and value they looked at one another exultantly, while the owner of them all shuddered with silent, hopeless horror as the grim meaning of his fearful situation crept over him.

The chief set about dividing the money into four piles. The task was a long and tiresome one, and for some time he engaged in it silently, while the other three attentively watched his hands lest he should make a false division. When half through his work, the chief paused and sat erect to take a moment's rest, and ordered one of his comrades to bring him a little water. His thirst satisfied, he put the empty cup to one side and cast a careless glance upon the victim's face. A look of surprise swept over his own. He stretched his neck and scrutinized the captive carefully, then recoiled with an involuntary cry.

His comrades, astonished beyond measure at this strange behaviour, stared speechlessly from him to their prisoner and from the prisoner to the heaps of coin. My friend could make nothing of either the chief's conduct or their glaring looks. He looked askance now at the leader, now at the other three.

At last the chief broke the silence with words still more astounding:

'Comrades, put the money in the saddle-bags again.'

The three robbers looked blankly at each other.

'What for?' asked one, puzzled and not a little loath to obey.

'Shall you not divide it now?' asked another.

'Do what I say; make haste,' rejoined the chief gravely. 'I have reasons of my own.'

Silently they went about doing as he bade them. The money was returned to the bags, and the tobacco was placed on top. Then the chief took out his knife, advanced to the prisoner, and swiftly cut the cords that had bound his ankles, saying as he did so:

'Rise, my friend; take your money and your horse; and go in peace. I am sorry that we treated you so roughly. Forgive us. I wish that I had looked at your face before.'

The young man could not believe in the evidence of eyes or ears.

'What do you mean?' inquired he finally. 'Let the money and the horse be yours; only spare my life, that is all.'

'Stop!' said the chief; 'do you not recognize me? Do you not remember that five days ago you gave a 'guftè'* to a man in Bagdad?. That 'guftè' now saves your money, your horse, and your life. We are robbers. We do not shrink from plundering and killing; but neither do we repay the kindness of others with ill treatment. I am the man to whom you gave that 'guftè.' I was hungry then; it served me well. I will now return kindness for kindness. May Allah protect you!'

The comrades of the speaker, who had been unwilling to give up a booty that amounted to a small fortune, now heartily agreed to all their chief had said, declaring that in his place they should have acted similarly.

My friend looked searchingly at the chief in a vain endeavor to recognize him; and finally said:

'I remember that five days ago I gave to a man standing by, one of my 'guftès'; but I do not recognize him in you.'

'But I recognize you very well. The Koran tells that a thankless man's punishment will be the greatest. May Allah forbid us showing such a spirit! It is against the commands of Mohammed and against the honor of the robbers.'

The young man showed no further surprise after being assured of the reason of the kindness. He expressed his utmost gratitude, and urged them to have at least a part of the money; but this they steadfastly refused. At last he pressed them to take the tobacco for themselves, and this they finally agreed to.

The chief rose, and, turning to his comrades, said:

'Be quick; let us mount and escort this young man to the town where he is going, lest he be captured again and robbed. There are many bandits on the way. Once there, he can join a caravan and journey on in safety.'

Accordingly the robbers accompanied their late prisoner until he reached the outskirts of the next town. There they bade him farewell, and with friendly wishes departed. As they disappeared in the gloom, my friend muttered to himself the words of the ancient sage:

'Cast thy bread upon the waters,
For thou shalt find it after many days.'

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*'Guftè': A popular dish in Turkey and Persia, round in shape, made principally of ground wheat and chopped meat.

Be as careful of the books you read as of the company you keep; for your habits and character will be as much influenced by the former as by the latter.—Paxton Hood.

NORTHERN MESSENGER PREMIUMS

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The Member That was not Dropped.

(Elizabeth Patterson, in 'Wellspring.')

'I move we drop the following names from our roll,' and the secretary read off four or five names, pausing a moment after each.

'I second the motion,' came from somewhere in the rear of the room.

But at that moment a boy near the door rose impetuously. 'Wait just a minute,' he said; 'we don't want to make any mistake. Suppose we drop the first four, as they have moved away, and hold on to Lem Briggs a while longer.'

'He hasn't attended a meeting in over two months,' objected the secretary; 'and the last time he was spoken to by a look-out committee, he said he didn't know as he cared to come any more. We can't carry names that way.'

'But I think there must be some mistake, or —or misunderstanding,' insisted the boy near the door. 'Lem Briggs isn't one to speak so slightingly of our meetings. I know him a little. He was in my class at school before he got a job in the factory. Sometimes I think we are not quite cordial enough. The mill-district fellows feel that we do not treat them as we do the rest of the town, and I—well, I believe they are half right. This ought not to be. In the society we should drop everything like that. I believe Lem Briggs is a fellow we ought to know better, to be proud of, to be glad to associate with,—and I believe that if he can be brought into touch with us, he will help the society. He supports his mother and the children now, and he is working hard for an education. Even if it were different, if he were shiftless and weak, it would be our duty to try and lift him up. That's what our society is for, not to thrust out, but to draw in. That a fellow is obliged to live in a cheap place and work should not influence us, nor the fact that he has not had our advantages for an education. I move that we hold on to Lem Briggs a while longer, and that some of us go to him not to warn him that he will be expelled if he does not attend, but to convince him that we really want him to come.'

'I second the motion,' came from the same voice in the back part of the room.

'And I move that our friend Bert be the one to see Lem Briggs,' added the secretary.

Bert Gardiner was very busy at this time, for, hoping to be able to enter college in the fall, he was giving all his spare moments to a few special studies in which he felt himself deficient. But the next day he arranged to borrow a couple of hours from himself and to make it up by extra-hard study.

He did not know exactly where Lem lived, only that it was in one of the cheaper tenements of the mill district. From there he hoped to be directed to the mill in which Lem worked.

He was especially fortunate, for as he went down one of the narrow alleys, he met the object of his quest face to face. Lem was in his shirt sleeves, his arms bare, and there were dark streaks upon his hands and face from the machines among which he had been working. In his hands he carried a case of bobbins. Evidently he was on his way from one mill building to another. When he saw Bert he flushed slightly, and stood aside to let him pass. But Bert stopped also.

'Hello, Lem!' he exclaimed, cordially; 'you are just the fellow I want to see. You remember those books on mathematics you wanted to buy from Philips, and he asked too much? Well, I've got a set that I'm just through with, and some more on the same subject. If you can find use for them, you are

welcome to the lot. They are likely to find their way into the waste barrel if you don't. Come,' frankly, as he noticed the embarrassment on Lem's face, 'don't let your supersensitiveness come to the surface on account of such a trifle. Can't you accept a few old books from a friend?'

There was a momentary struggle on the mill-boy's face; then, he too, smiled frankly.

'Yes, I'll take them,' he answered, simply; 'an' much obliged.'

'There's another thing I want to speak to you about,' Bert went on. 'We haven't seen you at our meetings for a long time. What's the matter? Don't say you can't spare the time,' smiling warningly; 'that's too old a story. Anybody can find time for a duty.'

'Oh, it isn't that,' returned Lem, deprecatingly. 'I—I—are you sure your members really want me? Of course, they've asked me to come, an' have told me my name would be dropped from the roll if I didn't attend more regularly; but I have thought—'

'Look here, Lem Briggs,' said Bert, and he placed both hands upon the other's shoulders, 'don't let us have any more of that. You're too sensible. What's the use of one half the world shrugging its shoulders and the other turning its back? Why can't they all go forward and make use of the good things that are ready and help to create more? We are all workers, in one way and another, and pretty much alike. You just come forward frankly, ready to do your part, and there will always be plenty to welcome you. We need just such strong, earnest workers as you. And as to wanting you,' looking squarely into Lem's eyes, 'I can speak for one. I do want you. Will you come?'

And Lem, his eyes also frank and direct, answered, 'Yes.'—'Wellspring.'

Two Societies and How They Differed.

(The Rev. Howard B. Grace, in the 'Christian Endeavor World.')

(Concluded.)

II. THE SOCIETY THAT DID.

The next Sunday morning they reached the Bond Street Church rather early, but not earlier than the ushers, one of whom cordially welcomed and gave them a good seat. There was a something that impressed both mother and daughter as homelike in the place; and, as the people gathered, the feeling of satisfaction grew upon them. Atmosphere is impossible of definition or description; but it is always present in every church, society, shop or home. In this church Christian fellowship simply permeated the place and created the atmosphere. The minister beamed it from his face and spoke it in his voice; in his prayer he especially remembered the widow and fatherless and 'the stranger within our gates'; he went outside of the weekly calendar to emphasize the hearty invitation to Sunday-school after the service, the mid-week and the Christian Endeavor meetings, saying there was a welcome for all from all—not from himself alone—he spoke for his people as one.

After the service the people in the pew with them introduced themselves; the people in the pew in front shook hands and said they were glad to see them; and, before Mildred knew it, a sweet-faced lady had her by the hand, and asked whether she would like to stay to Sunday-school; if so, her class was of about the same age and would be glad to have her, if only for a Sunday.

'We love to have newcomers, dear; they brighten up things for us,' said the tactful teacher.

Mrs. Ferris, moreover, after she had been introduced to a number of the ladies and the pastor's wife, and then had met the pastor, whose handshake was in keeping with his face and voice, was taken in charge for the adult Bible class.

Nor was Mildred through with her welcomes yet. When the school was over, one of the girls of the class, who had been exceedingly pleasant to her, asked her whether she would not like to come to the Christian Endeavor meeting that evening at 6.30.

'It's the best meeting of the week, we think,' she said; 'and I am sure you'd like it; and then you'll have a chance to get better acquainted. I do hope you'll come with us; I know we'll like you, and we'll make you like us, if you'll half try.'

Mildred promised readily enough, and told something of her own society. It was arranged that two of the girls should call for her at six—'because we always get there ten minutes before the meeting,' said her new friend; 'we have such good times together, and can look out for any strangers.'

'Are—are you on a strangers' lookout committee?' asked Mildred, a suspicion arising that this might explain the eagerness to get her into line.

'Oh, no,' said the girl, laughing, 'not even on any committee this time, except what the pastor calls his general committee of everybody—we're all to help look out for everybody else. It's wonderful what a change we have had in our church life since we started the plan. He first proposed it to us young people, and then it spread, until now I think the older people are half jealous of us, and are bound we sha'n't be more cordial than they. Did you ever see such a hand-shaking church as ours is? We're called the "Hello, come again" church as a nickname; but we don't care for that. And we do get the people—pretty nearly all the strangers that move into town finally come with us—and we just love to have 'em, too. I think it's perfectly beautiful to belong to a sociable church.'

'So do I,' said Mildred, from the bottom of her heart.

That society meeting seemed to Mildred like the vestibule of paradise. They took her in so that she felt like one of them.

Before she went into the evening church service—which she found the society attended in a solid phalanx, and indeed worked steadily and systematically to make a power for good in its reaching out to the non-churchgoers—she had consented to have her name go to the look-out committee for membership, and, more than that, had promised the chairman of that committee—one of the sweet-voiced, persuasive young women who are born evangelists—that she would pray earnestly over the matter and decide whether she ought not to become an active member.

'For I feel sure,' said the chairman, with true intuition, as she looked into Mildred's glowing face and frank eyes, 'that you belong to the Master, and want to confess him and serve him.'

And that evening sermon brought Mildred the needed assurance. She was like one who awoke to discover that she had long ago believed and given her heart to Jesus. That was a never-to-be-forgotten day in her life. And it all came through the divinely ordained medium of human kindness.

One cannot help wondering what would have been the result had Mildred been compelled to go on at Winter Street. Everybody knows that she found at Bond Street what ought to characterize every church and every Endeavor society.

The only thing needed to win souls to Christ and his church is a genuine heart Christianity put into all the avenues and activities of life.

The story presents extreme types, you say. Yes; but the type of the Bond Street society is the extreme that every society should strive for. We have methods enough and means enough—the one force needed, next to the Spirit of God, is the sympathy, the sociability, the human kindness, that spring out of Christian love.

(The End.)

'It will never do to stick in the mud. I go through,' says the ploughshare.'

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A Curious Theory of the War—The Springfield 'Republican.'
The Torpedo the Determining Factor—The 'Globe and Commercial Advertiser,' New York.
Why Should the Use of Torpedoes be Forbidden?—The New York 'Evening Post.'
Correspondents as 'Spies'—Wireless Telegraphy in War—The New York 'Times.'
Ceremonies of War—By the late Sir Edwin Arnold, in the 'Daily Telegraph,' London.
Lake Baikal and the War—The Part it Plays in Hampering the Russian Forces—The New York 'Evening Post.'
The Tong Haks of Corea—Queer Sect that is Blamed for the War—The 'Sun,' New York.
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Peril on a Raft—Voyagers on the Tigris—By Louisa Jebb, in 'Longman's Magazine.'
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A Day Laborer Wins Unlimited Wealth—Mexico's Richest Man—By J. C., in 'Leslie's Weekly,' New York.
The German Official Account of the War in South Africa—The 'Spectator,' London.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

Vassili Vereatchagin—American Papers
Art in Furnishing—On Choosing a House—By Mrs. George Tweedie, in the 'Onlooker,' London.
The Love of Nature—Extract from Dreams of Happiness—By John La Farge, in 'McClure's Magazine,' New York.
With an R. R. Lens—A Reply by J. T. Ashby, F.R.P.S., in 'T. P.'s Weekly,' London.
Manuel Garcia: The Grand Old Man of Music—The 'Daily Telegraph,' London.

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

Open House—Poem, by Joseph'ne Preston Peabody.
With Marjorie in April—Poem, by Lewis Worthington Smith, in the 'Independent,' New York.
Spring—Poem, by Thomas Nashe, 1567-1601.
The Dragon's Marriage—Extract from 'The Vanguard,' a novel by James S. Gale, author of 'Corean Sketches.'
The Prayers of the Old Testament—The 'Spectator,' London.
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Oxford Old and New—By Professor Goldwin Smith, D.C.L., in the 'Independent,' New York.
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Life on Mars—The Manchester 'Guardian.'
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If I Came From the Moon.

(Charles McIlvaine, in 'Sunday-school Times.')

Our eyes can see a pin on the floor, and they see stars millions of miles away so long as their light comes to them. Our eyes are wonderful instruments. They do not have to be pulled out and pushed in, like a pair of opera glasses, in order that we may make them long or short enough to see things through. There is a little arrangement back of each eye called the retina which fixes itself instantly to see what we want to see, be it near or far.

If we want to see the moon plainly, we use a telescope to help our eyes. It appears to draw the moon closer. If we want to see how the foot of a fly is made, we use a microscope; it seems to make it much larger.

If we look at the moon through a spy-glass or opera-glasses, its surface looks somewhat like a kettle of boiling starch, excepting that there is no motion on the moon. It is brighter in some places than others. These bright places are high plains and mountain-tops upon which the sunlight strikes. The darker places are the shadows of the mountains, and the bottoms of the deep valleys where the sun's rays are not falling. If you look down upon a town from the top of a church steeple when the sun is shining, you will notice that the roof-tops, parts of buildings higher than others, are bright, while the lower buildings are darker; and down in the streets and around among the houses it is very much darker because the shadows are all there. Here you have at home the same effects that you see upon the surface of the moon. The spots that look like bursting bubbles of starch are the cold openings, or craters, of volcanoes whose fire has gone out.

The persons who make a study of the sun, moon, and stars are called astronomers. They know how to measure the distance these great bodies are from the earth, how large they are, how heavy, and what they are made of. They have even measured the heights of the mountains in the moon and the depth of the valleys. So, if I read carefully what they say about the moon, I can tell what I should have seen on the moon if I came from there pretty nearly as well as if I had been there. There are very good maps of the face of the moon.

"I WAN'T MY MAMMA!"

It is right for me to say that I never was on the moon. If I had been, this is what I should have seen and felt.

If I weighed one hundred and eighty pounds at home, I should weigh but thirty pounds on the moon. If I could jump two feet on earth, I could, with the same force, jump twelve feet high there. The reason for this is that the force which holds us on the earth, called gravitation, is six times less on the moon. What a place for leap-frog! If I was six feet tall here, I should be fully grown at eighteen inches if I had been born on the moon. The man in the moon that the stories tell of would not reach the knee of our men. His dog would not be bigger than a cricket.

I should have with me my air to breathe, and have to move about in a case so that the air would be inside of it; for there is no air about the moon. I should have to have all the water with me that I required; there is no water, or clouds, or rain there. Everything to eat would be taken along. The moon has nothing living upon it,—at least nothing that breathes air, as all living things on earth do. It is a dead world. Absolute silence reigns there; no ripple of stream, or song of bird, or even the roar of thunder.

It is covered with vast ranges of mountains, somewhat like our own

Rocky Mountain country. These ranges have been made by the moon's shrinking. If you look at a squash that has shrunk in drying you will get a good idea of how these mountains were made.

The surface of the moon is hard, dry, rough, covered for the most part with lava. There is nothing very interesting there.

The moon is 2,162 miles through. It would lie on the earth between New York and Salt Lake City, and there would be over a hundred miles to spare to walk around it in. The moon is not as solid as the earth. If the moon was squeezed as solid as the earth, it would take eighty moons to make one earth. As it is now it takes only forty-nine.

We see but one side of the moon, because one side of it is always turned from us. There is nothing to make us suspect that the side we do not see is different from the one we do see. It is intensely cold up there; so cold that the mercury in the thermometer freezes. It freezes at forty-two degrees below zero. The cold on the moon reaches one hundred and forty degrees below zero, nearly four times colder than any place in America! So I will not stay there long. There is nothing to make a fire of. It is the place to get chilblains and frosted noses.

As there is no air, the stars are much brighter than we see them from the earth, and we should see many more of them. As the moon nights are over thirteen days long, there is plenty of time both to sleep and go star-gazing. It takes the moon twenty-seven days, seven hours, and forty-three minutes to turn around; it takes our big earth but twenty-four hours. The earth is the best spinner.

If I had to walk home from the moon to the earth, and the walking was good enough to make twenty miles a day, I would have to pass thirty birthdays on the road, for the distance is nearly ten times around our earth, or 238,800 miles. I could not have a single birthday party. It would take me sixty years to go and come. I know I should be glad to get home; for, of all the worlds of God's make, this earth is to us the most beautiful.

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost.

Johnny Carr's Dream.

'Man Johnny it's bed-time,' said Mrs. Carr; 'do you know your lesson?'

Johnny looked a little sheepish. His book lay open on the table, but the leaves were flapping backwards and forwards in the breeze of an open window, while Johnny marched paper soldiers up and down the table, and played going to war.

The next morning, when his mother went to call him, instead of being fast asleep on his pillow, Johnny was sitting up in bed studying his lesson for dear life, eyes, ears and lips all working at the job; for you see he was studying aloud, and that gave his ears a chance too.

'Well, well!' cried Mrs. Carr; 'what ever has come over my little Johnny!'

'It was a dream, mammy,' said the little student looking very solemn; 'I dreamed that I went to war and was taken prisoner; and my enemies said, "Oh, that is a little idiot, he never studies his lessons; he only plays and grows fat; we'll eat him. But the wise prisoners we'll save alive; they can give us good advice."'

'Eh—Johnny!' said his mother, laughing till her sides shook. 'I'm thinking that was a witty dream! For all life is a sort of going to war, Johnny, and true it is that the stupid ones, the ones who play when they ought to work, are just gobbled up by enemies, and no one hears of them. But the wise, my man, the lesson-learning ones, ah, they help themselves and others.'

'It's a great wonder, mammy, where that dream came from?'

'Never mind about that,' she called back from the kitchen door, it went to the right place, if you only know your lesson now, Johnny Carr.'—Elizabeth Preston Allan, in American Paper.

Only Six Years Old.

Greta was only six years old and very small for her age. When she she came into the Sunday-school she wished very much to do something for Jesus. 'Only I'm so little,' she sighed, 'and there isn't anything I can do.'

'Tut!' said grandfather, who had overheard. 'Who opens my paper and finds my spectacles and brings my book from the library table?'

'And who puts the ribbon in my cap, and gives puss his saucer of milk, and teaches him to play with a string?' added grandmother.

'Who is the little girl that carries my slippers and rolls my chair up nearer the fire?' asked father, his eyes twinkling.

'I know somebody who can do errands as nicely as anyone,' said mother.

Then sister Belle told what she knew, and Greta's eyes beamed with delight.

'Every little task that we do willingly makes the Lord glad in heaven,' finished grandfather, patting Greta's brown curls.—'The Spectator,' Melbourne.

So Old That it is New.

(Mary Joslyn Smith, in 'Youth's Companion.')

Mabel went into the kitchen one day and asked, 'Katy, do you know any new riddle or conundrum? They are all the fashion at school, and I want a new one.'

'I know just one, and that is not a new one. I heard it in good old Ireland a long time ago.'

'Well, I guess it's so old that it will be new to all of us, so will you teach it to me?'

'A question I will ask of thee,
Come, answer, if you please,
Tell in what chapter there's a verse
With three and fifty t's?'

When Mabel had learned the rhyme she asked Katy the answer.

'That's the hard part for me to remember. It's in the Bible, sure, but I forget where. I remember that the name of the book it is in is a girl's name.'

Mabel went to her mother and found the answer to be Esther, the eighth chapter and ninth verse. Mabel's mother assured her the riddle was old enough to be new at school, and perhaps at many other places.

Good words and no deeds,
Are only rushes and reeds.

He that speaks the thing he should not,
Will often hear the thing he would not.

LESSON VII.—MAY 15.

THE PRODIGAL SON.

Luke xv., 11-24.

Golden Text.

Come, and let us return unto the Lord. Hosea vi., 1.

Home Readings.

Monday, May 9.—Luke xv., 11-24.
Tuesday, May 10.—Luke xv., 25-32.
Wednesday, May 11.—Luke xv., 1-10.
Thursday, May 12.—Ps. li., 1-19.
Friday, May 13.—I. Pet. ii., 1-10.
Saturday, May 14.—Rom. x., 4-15.
Sunday, May 15.—Gal. iii., 10-22.

11. And he said, A certain man had two sons:
12. And the younger of them said to his father, Father, give me the portion of goods that falleth to me. And he divided unto them his living.
13. And not many days after the younger son gathered all together, and took his journey into a far country, and there wasted his substance with riotous living.
14. And when he had spent all, there arose a mighty famine in that land; and he began to be in want.
15. And he went and joined himself to a citizen of that country; and he sent him into his fields to feed swine.
16. And he would fain have filled his belly with the husks that the swine did eat: and no man gave unto him.
17. And when he came to himself, he said, How many hired servants of my father's have bread enough and to spare, and I perish with hunger!
18. I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven, and before thee,
19. And am no more worthy to be called thy son: make me as one of thy hired servants.
20. And he arose and came to his father. But when he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him.
21. And the son said unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven, and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son.
22. But the father said to his servants, Bring forth the best robe, and put it on him; and put a ring on his hand, and shoes on his feet:
23. And bring hither the fatted calf, and kill it; and let us eat, and be merry:
24. For this my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found. And they began to be merry.

(By R. M. Kurtz.)

INTRODUCTION.

Christ is continuing his work in Perea, and the passages between the last lesson and this are full of his words. The parable, from which to-day's lesson is taken, was spoken many days after those words that we studied a week ago.

In this fifteenth chapter, all of which must be read to comprehend this lesson, we have three parables of which that of the Prodigal is the culminating one. They are: the parable of the lost sheep, one sheep out of a hundred; the parable of the coin, one coin out of ten; and the parable of the wandering son, one son of two.

You will notice upon reading all three, that they represent different ways of becoming lost. The sheep was lost by becoming separated from the flock, by some carelessness on its own part; the coin was lost through the carelessness of someone who should have kept it safely, the man wandered away by his own wilful wrong doing. In each case there is great joy when the lost is found.

The parable of the Prodigal Son is one of the most widely quoted of all the sayings of Christ, because it represents one of the most common of human experiences. It has been woven into song and story and sermon and private conversation. In many lives it has been fulfilled almost literally. Spiritually it applies to multitudes all about us.

THE LESSON STUDY.

Verses 11, 12. 'And he divided unto them his living.' In these two verses a few words, like a few strokes of a master artist's pencil, reveal the opening scene. A well-to-do father and two sons; the younger, with his more ardent, impulsive nature, unable to be content with the comfortable and upright life of his father's home, secretly longing to 'see the world.'

The division of the estate of a father before his death is said to be by no means uncommon in the East. So this son demands his share of the property and the division is made.

13-16. 'And he began to be in want.' A few more strokes of the pencil, and the second stage in the younger son's career is outlined. Soon after receiving his share of the inheritance the younger son arranges his property, leaves the old home, goes into a 'far country,' and there wasted what he had 'in riotous living.'

Here is a picture that is being repeated in the world's cities every day. There is no more sure prey for the vicious classes of a city than the self-confident young fellow, who has stood well in his home circle and community, but who comes to the great city to make his way, and tries to 'see life.' Sometimes it is literally his substance that he wastes; again it is his good name, his character, his habits of thrift, decency, and economy. He sees the world, and the world gets from him all it can, then he begins 'to be in want.'

Upon the spiritual side one does not have to take a literal journey from the old home in order to come to the land of famine. Many a son or daughter lives still in the old home, but the old faith is scorned or neglected for more trifling matters; the wealth of early training, the place and influence it has given one in the community are made the way to social dissipation. Such a life never has been and never can be satisfying, however much the momentary excitement, and sooner or later the soul comes to be in want.

Notice the extremes to which the Prodigal's condition was driving him. From a young man of means, leading a gay life, he finds himself in want, the once well-to-do son becomes the hired servant; moreover, his work is the detestable business of feeding swine, (an illustration of special force to the Jewish mind.) Furthermore, so acute was his suffering that he envied the swine the husks that they ate. There was nothing given to him. Husks are the pods and seeds of the carob tree, still used for feeding swine and even horses. They can be used as food for man.

17-24. 'I will arise and go to my father.' Human pride stands in the way of most people's happiness. It keeps us from being content with what we have, it prevents us from that frankness in acknowledging faults that would smooth away multitudes of unpleasant incidents and serious troubles, it even keeps the sinner from yielding his haughty will, confessing his sins, and seeking his Saviour. If one is great enough in soul to lay aside his foolish pride he is ready to make some real advancement. It takes a really strong soul to be humble.

Sometimes the greatest mercy God can show is to bring one into such circumstances that his pride breaks down. So it was with this Prodigal. When he was reduced to want husks he was ready to look toward his father's house. A Jewish writer has said, 'When Israel is reduced to the carob tree they become repentant.'

Notice the humble confession resolved upon. Conviction of sin had seized him, and he was now fully repentant. The young fellow who had started out so gaily from home to be 'a man,' was now performing his first really manly act, confessing his wrong.

No time was wasted, no complex idea of conversion was his. He simply 'arose and came to his father.' This is all that any sinner can do, come to his Father, through Christ. John xiv., 6.

How was he received? 'When he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him.' Remember this is Christ's own illustration of the Father's treatment of the repentant sinner. Notice further that, when the son's humility and confession were so plainly sincere, when his heart was right, the father brushed aside all further sorrow, and self-depreciation, and restores him to his old place as his son. Isaiah xliv., 22.

So the son returned not only to the house and the place of plenty instead of famine, but to the joy of his old home. So with every truly repentant sinner.

The lesson for May 22 is, 'Jesus Teaches Humility.' Mark x., 35-45.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, May 15.—Topic—What Joseph and Benjamin teach about brotherly care. Gen. xliii., 29-31, 34; xlv., 14-22. (Union meeting with the Juniors.)

Junior C. E. Topic.

AFRAID TO TELL THE TRUTH.

Monday, May 9.—'A lying tongue.' Prov. vi., 16-19.

Tuesday, May 10.—'Putting away lying.' Eph. iv., 25.

Wednesday, May 11.—'Lying lips.' Prov. xii., 22.

Thursday, May 12.—Lie not one to another. Lev. xix., 11.

Friday, May 13.—'Men of truth.' Ex. xviii., 21.

Saturday, May 14.—Why Ananias lied. Acts v., 1-5.

Sunday, May 15.—Topic—A man who was afraid to tell the truth. Gen. xx., 1-15.

The Teacher in Control of Self.

(Prof. Forrest E. Dager, D.D., in 'Living Epistle.')

An uncontrolled teacher means an uncontrollable class. We are rapidly realizing the need of fewer rules for the scholars and more rules for the teachers. Let us apply this general principle to the subject of control. We do not mean the teacher under the control of the pastor, superintendent and officers of the school and governed by a set of rules formulated at a teachers' meeting; but the teacher under self-control, governed by the principles of the new life, even Christ within the hope of glory.

A competent and successful teacher must be master of his temper, his tongue and his own thoughts. How often we have heard mischievous boys say, 'Let's try to get our teacher off to-day.' The expression implies that the boys have found a weak spot in the teacher's make-up and that they will attack that spot until the teacher is constrained to manifest impatience or anger. In three weeks an average class of boys can make as complete a diagnosis of a teacher's character, as the most skillful physician can make of his body. Remembering this, a teacher should always meet his class, feeling that no provocation could tempt him to manifest a single symptom of irritation. Such a feeling can come only just through the consciousness that he is there as God's representative, and such a consciousness can come only through intimate communion with the Master.

The Home Department of the Sunday-school is comparatively young. To-day it is one of the mighty forces of the work. For the benefit of any one who may have thought it insignificant we wish to say that there are more than a quarter of a million members in North America. Here is a field with boundless possibilities. Several State Sunday-school associations employ skilled workers to give all their time and energy in directing and stimulating Home Department work throughout the State. We thoroughly believe in it, therefore we speak.—'Living Epistle.'

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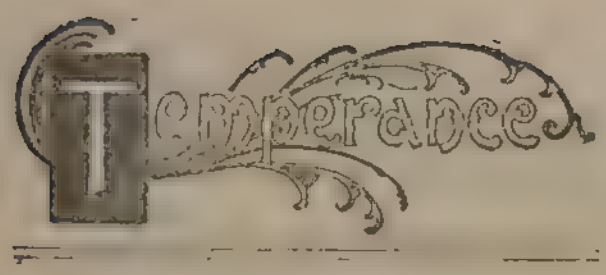

By a Hairsbreadth

(The 'New Voice.')

Edith and Ruth had been passing back and forth along the walk, chattering and laughing. Edith had just turned to wheel back again toward home when her eyes fell on a sight that sent the gaiety from her heart and filled it with terror.

Staggering in maudlin frenzy down the walk from his own home came Mr. White. He had evidently gone in when Edith was going the other way. As soon as he caught sight of the children he quickened his pace and yelled out, with an oath, that he would kill her if she did not bring the baby to him. She screamed and ran toward her home. He started after her, but just as he was passing through the gate he stepped on a banana peel and down he fell, his leg partly slipping under the gate. Edith's screams brought the neighbors to their doors.

Mr. White was taken up and carried to his room. A physician was called and he found a very serious fracture of his leg.

That afternoon Mrs. Wright was summoned to the parlor to meet Mrs. Cranston, the pretty young wife of the new bank president. She had not yet been married a year, and was a comparative stranger in the town. She had been reared in a wealthy and fashionable city home where the demands of society and the duties of social life were the most serious part of her education. She had met Mrs. Wright on several occasions and had felt drawn unconsciously to her as to a dear true friend. She had entered Mrs. Wright's Bible class more because she was attracted by her personality and enjoyed being near her than for any other reason.

On the last Sunday they had had a temperance lesson and she had been surprised at so many things Mrs. Wright had said.

In her father's home, and in her own as well, wines were served every day as a matter of course, and she had never dreamed of there being any harm in using them. She knew something of the vulgarity of the saloon and the disgusting repulsiveness of the drunkard, but never associated either in any way with her use of wine at home. She had been astonished and hardly knew how to receive Mrs. Wright's arraignment of all liquors as harmful, because all have the poison alcohol in them. She had been somewhat disturbed by her talk but other things had challenged her attention and she had almost forgotten the subject when her husband came home that day. She met him gaily at the door, saying: 'I went down to the jeweller's this morning and asked him if he could send some one to fix the big clock here so it need not be moved, and he sent Mr. White right away. See, he has done it so delicately no one would ever dream it had been broken.' Mr. Cranston looked and admired and congratulated his wife over her good fortune and a moment later he asked:

'Was Mr. White quite sober when he was here? I heard this morning he was drinking again and was sent home from the Mansion House and some way stumbled at his own gate and broke his leg.' The color left Mrs. Cranston's face. Mrs. Wright's little temperance talk came back to her mind, the tears sprang to her eyes.

'Oh, Edward,' she said, 'do you think I could have been to blame? I am sure he was perfectly sober when he was here, but I was so delighted that he had done so exquisite a piece of work that I wanted to show him unusual courtesy, so I offered him a glass of wine. He hesitated, but I assured him it was perfectly pure and could not harm him and he took the glass and drank every drop of it.' She could keep the tears back no longer.

'Nonsense,' Mr. Cranston said. 'If that started him he must have been about ready, anyway. It probably made no difference, so do not waste any more tears on him.'

After Mr. Cranston had gone back to his business the thought of the morning returned and so burdened Mrs. Cranston, that she resolved to call on Mrs. Wright and lay the whole matter before her. This was the cause of her early call that afternoon.

Mrs. Wright rose as Mrs. Cranston entered the room and returned her warm handclasp with evident emotion.

'I am so unhappy, Mrs. Wright,' she said. 'I am afraid I am to blame for Mr. White's accident.' Then she told the little story, keeping nothing back.

'Do you think that pure currant wine my own mother made just from "pure" currant juice could have driven him to drink again? Of course mamma never puts any alcohol in—only "pure" currant juice and sugar. Do tell me you think it could not do him any harm.'

'I'd like to be able to lift the responsibility from you, my dear friend,' Mrs. Wright said gently, 'but I fear I cannot. You know that alcohol forms in home-made wine by fermentation just as in other kinds. I fear the taste of the alcohol so roused Mr. White's appetite that he was driven to his old habit again. He has been in a kind of stupor all day, since the accident, but I was told he returned from your home, the farthest way, leaving out the Stokes' saloon (he has carefully avoided going past that for several weeks), and that he turned suddenly and went into the Mansion House when nearly past that. He drank two or three glasses of brandy, when the bartender, who is a kind hearted fellow stopped him and said kindly:

'White, you've had enough for to-day. You had better go home now,' and actually led him to the door and turned him toward home.

Mrs. Cranston dropped her head on her hand.

'Oh, Mrs. Wright,' she said, 'I can never forgive myself, but I was ignorant. I have never thought of these things. I do not want to be harming other lives. I want to help them. What can I do to help the family while Mr. White is unable to work? It would be such a privilege. Can you arrange to give it to me. I will gladly furnish you with funds if you will apply them for me. Here is this check for one hundred dollars; when that is gone there is another ready. I must atone in some way. I can never be happy again, if I do not. I want to learn about this question. It is terrible not to know how dangerous it is and where the danger lies—every child ought to know it.'

'The law now makes it a part of every public school course,' said Mrs. Wright.

'How wise that is,' responded Mrs. Cranston. 'At Madame Le Grande's boarding school we always had wine as freely as I had it at home. I have known there was much misery in the world on account of excessive drinking but never thought I could be responsible in any way for it.'

'Oh, my dear friend,' Mrs. Wright said, 'this is a matter in which everyone is responsible, whether they are conscious of it or not. But I will try to carry out your trust. Of course Mr. White will be helpless for many weeks. I am sure God has put this sweet thought into your heart.'

Sober and Tipsy Ants.

An interesting experiment with regard to ants was related by Lord Avebury recently in a lecture at the Stepney Borough Museum.

He wished to see how ants would treat any drunken members of their species. He took twenty-five ants from one nest and twenty-five from another, and tried to induce them to take sufficient alcohol to make them intoxicated.

Now, ants are very sensible insects, and they had the good sense to refuse; so they were bathed by the lecturer in alcohol until that stage was reached. The fifty intoxicated ants were placed in one of the nests, the inhabitants of which examined them very carefully, and picking out the twenty-five strange ants, dropped them into a neighboring water. The twenty-five of their own drunken friends they carried to a remote part of the nest to sleep themselves into sobriety.

Special Clubbing Offer.

'World Wide' and 'Northern Messenger,' one year each, only $1.00 for both. Postage extra for Montreal and suburbs or foreign countries excepting United States and its dependencies, also Great Britain and Ireland, Transvaal, Bermuda, Barbadoes, British Honduras, Ceylon, Gambia, Sarawak, Bahama Islands, Zanzibar. No extra charge for postage in the countries named.

'Signing the Farm Away'

Can any reader of the 'Messenger' send us a copy of a poem published in the 'Messenger' about twenty years ago with the above title? Somewhere in it were these lines:—

Cider, forty barrels or more,
Sure in season to come from the mill;
They drank as they worked,
They drank as they ate,
Winter and summer, early and late;
And as the seasons crept along,
And habits into passions grew,
Their appetites became as strong
As ever a drunkard knew.
They labored less and squandered more,
Chiefly for rum at the village store,
Till called by the sheriff, one bitter day,
They had to sign the homestead away?

Abstain and Find.

Head, clearer.
Heart, brighter.
Health, better.
Purse, heavier.

Eyes are keener.
Limbs are stronger.
Life probably longer.

Can I?
May I?
Ought I?
Shall I?

—'Uncle Jim,' in 'League Journal.'

Liquor Advertisements.

Many of the secular papers throughout the country are working up to the evils of the liquor business and their own complicity with it in advertising its wares. A paper that advertises liquor is, in so far as that advertisement is concerned, nothing more or less than a drummer or an agent soliciting trade for the saloon. The 'Modern Farmer and Busy Bee' has the following to say regarding whiskey advertisements:

'Do not encourage or help any agricultural paper which admits whiskey ads into its columns. What right has the publisher of an agricultural paper to send a drummer for a saloon into the sacred precincts of your home? Whiskey, like all other poisons, is seldom needed, and, like them, should only be taken under the directions of a physician, if at all. Do not take a bad paper because it is cheap. Nothing is cheap which comes like a thief in the night to corrupt the morals of your children and rob your fireside of its joy and happiness. This is not a temperance lecture; it is only good horse-sense, based on the experience of the ages and uttered long ago in thundering tones in that unalterable law, "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." In this day of commercialism and greed the saloon has spread its withering blight over the cities of the land, corrupting their politicians, debauching their young men and boys, as well as leading into vice and wickedness many of the flowers of womanhood, and it is now trying to wreck the home of the farmer through his agricultural paper. Look your favorite family paper over, and if you find it flaunting in your face gaudy ads for cheap whiskey, order it stopped. The publisher evidently thinks more of the pay he gets for this business than he does for the morals of your family. Let him have his demoralizing ads, and you read clean papers. As we said in another paragraph, ads properly considered are news, but there are some kinds of news which the farmer and his family had better not read, and we think a whiskey ad is one of them.'

An Appropriate Sign.

A man who had opened a liquor saloon was about to put up his sign, and asked his neighbor's advice regarding the proper wording. 'What shall the painter print on it?' he asked.

His neighbor replied, 'I advise you to print on it. "Beggars Made Here."'

Correspondence

Shannon, Queen's Co., N.B.

Dear Editor,—We live on a farm about a mile from the Washademoak Lake. My brother has taken the 'Messenger' for a number of years, and we could not possibly do without it, it is such a nice paper. I have four brothers living and two little baby brothers in heaven. I am the only girl in the family. We live about a mile and a half from the schoolhouse. I belong to the Baptist Church.

I am a great reader. I have read a number of books. I got ten subscribers for the 'Northern Messenger' last fall, and got papa a Christmas present of a fountain pen, and we think it is a very nice premium for such little work. We have had a very cold winter, and very deep snow, the mercury being as low as twenty-six degrees below zero. I wish to join the Royal League of Kindness.

ETHEL R. C.

Stanley Mills, Ont.

Dear Editor,—We live on a farm not far from Brampton. My sister goes to Brampton High School. Our farm has two hundred acres and we live quite a piece from the road. There are a lot of hedges on our farm, and it is a very pretty place in the summer—not lonesome at all. I am twelve years of age, my birthday being on Dec. 18. I would far rather live in the country than in the town.

HATTIE M.

Tatamagouche.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl seven years old. I don't like to go to school very well. I live about a mile from the school, and have no little girls to go with. For pets I have a kitty, which I call 'Pearly.' I had a white hen, but she died. I have a black colt. I call him 'Judge.' I have no dolly now; I had two, but I broke them both. My birthday is on June 29. My favorite game is dominoes. My brother Charlie plays with me in the evenings. I live near the seashore. I have lots of boat sails in the summer.

MYRTLE R.

Hamilton, Ont.

Dear Editor,—Ever since I can remember I have received the 'Messenger' at the Sunday-school. I like your paper, especially the correspondence. Only a few of the boys and girls describe the scenery around their homes. I think we should all like nature. Hamilton (the Ambitious City), which is situated on the small bay at the western end of Lake Ontario, is called by tourists the 'Second Naples.' The scenery is perfectly grand. At the south of the city is an elevation of land, which we call the mountain. Looking from its brow you have a very pretty view—the city, bay, opposite shore, beach, Lake Ontario, and on a very clear day Toronto, forty miles distant. This beach I speak of is a small strip of land, separating Lake Ontario from Hamilton Bay. It is quite a summer resort. Back of our home are the 'commons,' where we have lots of fun. We skate and coast in winter, and in summer play baseball and football.

GEORGE D.

Points West Bay.

Dear Editor,—We are taking the 'Messenger,' and think it is fine. I live on a farm. I have six brothers, but no sisters. I am the eldest of the family. We live about a mile from the post-office and half-a-mile from the church; and the school-house is on our farm. I am very fond of reading, and have read a lot of books. Noble is the name of one of our dogs. He is very fond of swimming, and often swims after us when we go out in the boat for a sail. This is a country place on the shores of the Bras d'Or Lake, and we live on the south side in summer. It is a very pretty place. We can see a lot of sailing vessels on the lake; also the steamers, which come from Sydney to the Marble Mountain, carrying marble and limestone to the iron and steel foundry. There were tourists here one summer, and they thought this place was just lovely. It is quite hilly on our farm, so we have great fun coasting and sliding. There has been a lot of snow this winter, and sometimes the roads have been badly blocked. I was thirteen years old on Nov. 19.

MAGGIE B. P.

New Town, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I have taken the 'Messenger' for two years, and like the stories very much. This year I have succeeded in getting a new subscriber to the 'Messenger.' I am ten years old.

BESSIE C. McB.

Petitcodiac, N.B.

Dear Editor,—We live on River View Farm, one mile from Petitcodiac Station. I have three sisters and one brother. My brother gets the 'Messenger' at Sunday-school, and I enjoy reading it very much. My grandma and grandpa live in Havelock, and I like to spend my holidays there. I have one little cousin there; she is four years old. Her name is Daisy. She and my little sister Lottie have lots of fun when they get together. We have a lovely pup, and we call it 'Minto,' also two kittens. My papa carries the mail.

EMILY A. B. (aged 9).

Ottawa, Ont.

Dear Editor,—Our Sunday-school takes the 'Messenger.' I think it is the best paper I have ever read yet, and I have read a good many. I have read the story called 'The Marshal of the City of Refuge,' and I was sorry it was not longer. I read the story about the green marble to my little brother. I think that every boy and girl should hear that story. I want to try and get a Bagster Bible. I am going to try to do all those things called 'Brief Hints for Bright Girls.'

IRENE S.

Jack's Lake, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have only lived in Ontario about three years. Before moving here we lived in a small railway town in Assinaboia. I liked living up there much better than in Ontario. I used to have great fun catching gophers. They are small animals about the size of squirrels. They dig holes in the ground and go into them. We put a string over the hole and catch them by the neck when they come out. I used to go riding horse-back. Once I was on a horse and it ran away with me. Another time I was on one, and it sat down and let me slide off. I was over in Dakota once, on a visit to my grandma, and had a fine time.

ALBERT E. E. (aged 13).

DeBert Sta., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I received my nice Bagster Bible as a premium for getting four subscribers for the 'Northern Messenger.' Every one that sees it thinks it is very nice. Please accept my thanks.

CORA F.

Chester.

Dear Editor,—Chester is a very pretty village, celebrated for its beautiful scenery. It is about forty-five miles from Halifax. There are 365 isles in Chester Bay, one for each day of the year. Chester has long been a favorite with tourists, and it has proved attractive to many from the interior of this province, and other parts of Canada. It has a fine harbor of sufficient depth for large vessels, and there are excellent facilities for sea bathing and boating. Wishing the 'Messenger' every success.

PANSY.

Freeman P.O., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl seven years of age. I have written three times to the 'Messenger,' but my letters did not appear; but I thought I would try again. I live on a farm on the side of a mountain north of Hamilton Bay and Lake Ontario. We can see the boats very plainly, near enough to draw the shape of them. We also can see the train plain enough to count the cars on it. We can see twenty miles around us. My sister Ella is going to school in Burlington. We have a lot of fruit trees, the names of some of them being cherries, currants, peaches, plums, apples and grapes.

GLADYS T.

Hardwicks, N.B.

Dear Editor,—We have taken the 'Messenger' for some time, and think no paper is as interesting as the 'Northern Messenger.' We live in a village situated on the bank of the Miramichi. There are several islands opposite our home. We often go picnicing in the summer. Perhaps some of the readers of the 'Messenger' would like to know how we play one of our favorite games: 'Compliments' is played thus:—The players stand or sit in a line. One of the number goes to an adjoining room or some place out of hearing, and another called the leader goes to each of the players in turn and collects a compliment from each about the person absent. This compliment is usually of a comic nature. When each player gives their compliment the person is called. Then the leader tells him the compliment which one of the players has said. Then he tries to guess the one who made the remark and so on until he guesses the right one, and then that person leaves the room. We hope this game may be of benefit to some one.

J. MAUD B.

Williamsdale East.

Dear Editor,—I have two brothers, but no sisters. I have two grandmothers. It is a country place where I live. I can play one piece on the organ. My father lives in Springhill. It is great fun fishing in the summer. We skate, slide and coast and snowball in the winter. Our school-house is situated on a hill. I like to read the 'Messenger.' I have just gone once to the woods with my uncle. Wishing the 'Messenger' every success,

RAYMOND S.

Short Beach, Yarmouth Co., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I thought I would write and describe the place in which I live. I reside in a small village called Short Beach. The place is very hilly, and there are several lakes near here. Our house is situated between two lakes. My father is a fisherman. I have four sisters and three brothers. We keep a horse and colt, a cow and a calf.

MYRTLE C. (aged 10).

Carholme, Ont.

Dear Editor,—Most of the people around here have taken the 'Messenger' when they were young. We have a creek running through our place. It is called 'Big Creek.' It furnishes a fine bathing place. I would like to correspond with any boy living in Canada. I have about a mile and three-quarters to go to school. For pets I have two dogs named Ponto and Sport, and five cats and two guinea pigs. My father is a farmer. I carry the mail in the summer, and my brother carries it in winter. I have two brothers older than myself. Their names are Roy and Wallace. Roy is going to work at a neighbor's place. I have no grandpas or grandmas living now. I have learned how to skate this winter.

BRUCE M.

Ridgeway, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have taken the 'Messenger' for three or four years, and I think it a splendid paper. I live on a farm about two miles east of the town of Ridgeway, and one mile north of Lake Erie. There is a creek flowing through a field behind our house, which affords some excellent skating in winter. There is also a railway a short distance from our barn. I have two sisters and one brother, all younger than myself. My sister and I attend school, which is about half a mile from our home.

JENNIE J. S. (aged 13).

Brownhill, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I think that the 'Messenger' is just a beautiful paper. I like the story of 'Daph and Her Charge.' I think that Daph has shown such a noble character. I have read quite a number of books. We get the 'Messenger' at the Sunday-school. My father is the superintendent of our school. I shall be fourteen on the eighteenth of June. Is there any one who reads the paper whose birthday is the same date? If so, I would like to correspond with them. My full address is: Evelyn Traviss, Brownhill, Ont., Canada. Wishing the 'Messenger' every success.

EVELYN T.

Balgonie, N.W.T.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl nine years old. I have four brothers and five sisters. My father is a farmer, and he has five quarter-sections of land. The new railway will run across one of our quarter-sections when it is built. We live seven miles and a half south of Balgonie. Pa got a new organ this winter, and my sister is learning to play on it.

JESSIE R.

Bradford, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I was twelve years old last September. My mother and father are both dead, and I live with an old lady and gentleman. They are very good to me. I have been here four years. I have not got far to go to school. I go home for my dinner in the summer-time, but it is too cold in the winter.

MARY E. W.

HOUSEHOLD.

Turn About.

The pleasure of reading aloud to her child is one which the mother is slow to give up, and the moment when the boy discovers that he can get to the climax of the story quicker by himself brings a pang to her loving selfishness. But she can find compensation in turning listener, and it will surprise her to see how soon home practice, supplementing school drill, will transform the child's halting, stumbling manner, and make the reading a genuine pleasure to ear as well as heart. The time is best spent on selections made ostensibly for the mother's taste, though she will give a side thought to the child's, and the little reader will be less impatient of his slow progress if he starts with the idea that he is doing something for mother's enjoyment rather than his own. Magazine articles, bits from the daily paper, poetry now and then—any of these a child of ten or eleven will learn to read without too many pauses for help over hard words, and incidentally take in a good many ideas of interest to himself. To be able to read aloud easily at sight, without that awkward pause to 'look it over,' is an accomplishment not universal even among people of education and culture, and in acquiring it, the ability to comprehend and reason rapidly is wonderfully promoted.—'Congregationalist.'

The Foot-Bath.

The foot-bath, though simple, is a most useful home agent in treating sickness. The ease with which it can be given and its wide range of usefulness make it especially commendable. We are apt to look upon so simple a treatment as having virtue only in infrequent diseases or unimportant conditions, but this is not true of the foot-bath. Have you ever tried treating a cold by means of the foot-bath? Take a thorough foot-bath, to which mustard has been added. By 'thorough' is meant that the feet shall be placed in water which will come high up the calves of the legs and the water as hot as the feet can bear, says the Pacific 'Journal of Health.' Then, by continuously adding hot water, the foot-bath should be kept as hot as can be borne for twenty minutes. At the same time hot water should be drunk freely. The patient is ready for bed, after drying the feet thoroughly. Cover up warmly with extra clothing, and place something warm to the feet. If there is a cough and pain in the chest a hot application may be given to the chest after the foot-bath. In many cases this treatment will suffice to break the cold. If not, repeat at least every day. Should the cold not yield to one or two treatments try fasting. Not necessarily entire abstinence from food, but the eating of a limited amount of very simple food. Headaches will yield to a foot-bath without other treatment. Try it. If the head is hot wring a towel from cold water and wrap around the head. Habitually cold feet are treated by the alternate hot and cold foot-baths. Persist in the treatment every night, or both night and morning. Some people suffer with difficulty in going to sleep. The brain is active, and because of the multitude of thoughts sleep will not come. A warm foot-bath may be all that is needed. A tepid foot-bath will be found very restful and quieting to the tired nerves of a busy housewife. She will resume her work, refreshed, after the simple treatment. The warm foot-bath is found helpful to the weak heart. Pain in the heart from organic heart disease will frequently be very much relieved by simply placing the feet for a very short time in a moderately warm foot-bath. It does not need to be so hot that the patient can hardly bear it.—'Presbyterian Banner.'

Gruel.

(Pansy, in the 'Christian Endeavor World.')

I call to mind a certain poor mother, an invalid, for many weeks dependent on the care of a most willing and bewildered daughter, who helped to make life miserable for the sufferer because she did not know how to make a comfortable bed. In the first place, she could not conceive of a little bit of a wrinkle in the sheet as being capable of inflicting torture; and, in the second place, she did not know how to avoid it. If she had been trained to tuck the lower sheet carefully in at top and bottom, as well as on the sides, and to confine each corner with a safety-pin, much discomfort would have been avoided.

There came a day when in that same home oatmeal gruel 'with egg' was ordered by the busy physician, who stayed not to see whether the attendant knew how to prepare it. She thought she did. She had watched 'mother' make gruel in a skillet in a few minutes; not of oatmeal, it is true, but that could make little difference. The egg was a bewildering addition; but she bravely attacked her task, and produced, presently, a lumpy, sticky 'mess,'—pardon the use of the word; no other will fit,—scorched at that, with a boiled egg, the white part of which was like leather, plumped down in the midst of it! Of course the very sight of the strange mixture was enough for the invalid.

Now, suppose her daughter had known that oatmeal gruel for an invalid must not be made out of oat flake or any of the other steam-cooked preparations, but must be genuine fine oatmeal, that a very small teacupful must be put into a quart of boiling water with a teaspoonful of salt, and cooked in a real or improvised double boiler for the space of at least two hours, or until the quart of water has reduced itself to about a pint. Then the egg, previously boiled and cooled, must be grated into the mixture, a pint of boiling water added; and after cooking for ten minutes the mixture must be strained through a wire strainer of medium fineness. So prepared, a dish of oatmeal gruel, with a few spoonsful of cream added to it, is dainty enough and delicate enough for a very capricious appetite. This, you observe, is a dish not at all difficult to make, and it is in general use to-day; yet how many young women who can make all sorts of delicious cakes and creams know how to prepare it?

Music Among the Dishes

Glancing through a lively periodical, entitled the 'Hearth,' my eye lighted upon a little article entitled 'Dish-Washing Set to Music.' That was something new, and I read it. As it is suggestive, I venture to copy it:

'No one really enjoys washing dishes,' says the writer. 'It is a part of the inevitable drudgery of an economical household of small means to which the mistress of the house submits with more or less of grace or patience, according to her gifts.

'I know of one instance, however, where the task was made not only endurable, but actually attractive. A friend, the wife of a country minister, had a large family of children, and those old enough to be of much assistance were boys.

'To the average boy dish-washing is by nature particularly obnoxious, and the boys of this household were not unlike others, but they rose to the situation with a cheerfulness which can hardly be too highly recommended.

'At the conclusion of each meal the mother would turn to her boys with a decisive nod of the head which they understood well enough as a signal to begin to clear the table.'

I had read thus far, and had read aloud, when the daughter of the household, who is inclined to make rhymes, interpollated the following:

Boys, attend your mother's wishes,
Go at once and wash the dishes.

She was proceeding with more in the same strain when I checked her levity with a good deal of brevity—dear me, this rhyming is as contagious as the measles—and proceeded to read:

'If they (the boys) showed any disposition to rebel, she almost invariably commenced to sing; sometimes it would be a Sunday-school hymn, sometimes a popular air with a cheery ring, but whatever the song, there was no resisting mother's voice. First one would join in and then another, and as it was a rule that no one should sing who did not work, the little army of volunteers soon became quite as numerous as could be desired. As all the dishes rattled the voices would rise higher and louder; now Johnnie must have his favorite song; now Jamie must have his, and before anyone had time to grumble over doing girl's work, or even to realize that the work was disagreeable, the dishes would be washed and wiped and put away and "mother" at liberty to attend to other necessary duties, with nerves refreshed rather than wearied by the chorus of young voices.'

All this seemed to me eminently proper, and the scene suggested was in pleasant contrast to the pictures memory called up of some households. There the young people attended to the dishes, but with much sad wrangling that was by no means musical, and I was prepared to endorse the writer's closing remark, which said:

'Perhaps the idea may suggest to mothers similar methods of lightening the labors of their households, for God loves not only a cheerful giver, but a cheerful worker as well, and work performed with a merry heart is robbed of half its weariness.'—'N.Y. Observer.'

Useful Hints.

If a moth miller is seen in a closet, it is a good plan to burn a little camphor gum very promptly. Frequently this simple precaution, if taken very early in the spring, will rid that closet of moths for the season.

Rust on steel will generally yield to a paste made from fine emery powder and kerosene. Rub the spots with this, let it stand for several hours, then polish with oil.

A baker who makes jam on a large scale says he never stirs it, but puts a large handful of marbles on the bottom of the kettle. These roll around while the jam boils, and prevent its burning.

Sometimes there are stains on the marble and in the basin of the bathroom washstand which resist soap preparations. Just scrub with dry salt and a cloth run from hot water. Then wash well with kerosene and later with soap and water.

In the Sick Room.

(Amelia E. Graessle, in 'Union Signal.')

The patient should be kept quiet, and all unpleasant subjects should be avoided. All visitors should be kept away from the patient, who, as a rule, would rather not see anyone. When visitors must be admitted to the room, do not tell them the condition of the patient or how sick he has been, but let the conversation drift upon other things.

After the patient's breakfast is over, say one hour after, it is well to give the daily bath, which should be a nice, warm, and cleansing bath. Place the patient upon a blanket or a large bath towel, remove the top covers and put a blanket over the patient, then bathe and rub the back well with witch hazel. After the bath is finished put on a clean gown and comb the hair. A woman's hair should be plaited in two braids. The nails should receive attention and the mouth should be washed two or three times a day. In the morning it is well to use a tooth brush and thoroughly cleanse the mouth. With fever patients, wind a soft piece of cotton round the finger and cleanse the teeth in that way. If your patient is able to be moved, turn him upon one side, and change the linen throughout.

In putting on fresh linen, see that there are no wrinkles in the sheets to render the patient uncomfortable and leave red ridges on the body. These in time will form bed sores. When the red, inflamed spots form on the back, elbows, heels, or wherever the pressure is the greatest, a pad must be placed so as to give the injured part relief. This can easily be done by making a ring of cotton batting, by wrapping a bandage round or by sewing cloth to form a smooth ring, the hole in the centre to be placed over the injured part and putting the pressure on the sides. The inflamed parts should be rubbed well with witch

hazel, then powdered well with boracic powder.

Changing the position will rest a patient. If too weak to lie upon the side, take a pad or a small pillow and by turning the patient a little, place it under the side. A roll under the knees is a great rest. Simply take a pillow, pin together tight, and slip under the raised knees.

Patients suffering from cold feet may easily be warmed by taking quart-bottles and filling two-thirds full of hot water. Put the stopper on tight and pin the bottle inside a flannel bag. Place at the feet, being careful not to burn the patient.

Nervous and sleepless patients can frequently be put to sleep by giving a warm sponge-bath at bedtime or by giving a hot footbath. Give also a cup of hot milk, cocoa or broth.

In feeding patients, a number of things are to be taken into consideration. Prepare the food daintily and take the food hot, as luke-warm food spoils an appetite. Give good, nourishing food, also feed the patient with the same regularity as in giving the medicine. Do not overfeed, for food given at shorter intervals will do far more good than larger quantities given at longer intervals. In preparing a tray, do not overload it, but take small quantities and prepare what the patient relishes. Never leave food or milk in a sick room. Should the patient care for anything more, get it fresh. This applies particularly to water, which after standing in a room, never tastes so good as when fresh. All water must be boiled. The vessel containing the water should be placed in a larger vessel and packed round with ice to keep cool.

Eggs.

Use hot water instead of milk to thin the eggs in an omelet: It makes it more tender.

A New Toast.—Bring a quart of milk to the boiling point, and add two eggs well beaten. Boil one minute, and then salt to taste, and pour over thick slices of buttered toast. Put in the oven until the custard is set.

A new way of poaching an egg for an invalid's tray is to butter the inside of a cup, separate the white from the yolk of a new-laid egg, whisk the former to a stiff froth and put this into the cup, making a cavity in the middle wherein to slip carefully the yolk. Squeeze a drop or two of lemon juice on the top, then set the cup in a small saucepan of boiling water, and let it poach thus until the white is done.

What Alcahol is Good For.

Frequent washing with soap will dim the surface of a mirror. The occasional use of alcohol is recommended, but for frequent washing, damp newspaper with a polishing with chamois skin will keep mirrors in good condition.

If alcohol is used to clean gilded picture-frames—and nothing is better for the purpose—it should be applied very lightly with a camel's-hair brush. The beaten white of egg is also a good cleansing agent for the gilt, and needs the brush application with the same light touches.

Over my sink are two bottles and a nail cleaner, says a writer in the 'Woman's Home Companion.' One bottle contains five parts of lemon juice to one of alcohol, which will keep indefinitely. The other contains the following lotion: One-fourth of an ounce of gum tragacanth added to one pint of rainwater, which has stood three days, then one ounce each of alcohol, glycerine and witch hazel, also a little good faint perfume. After washing dishes or preparing vegetables I apply a little of the lemon juice, then the lotion, and in a moment my hands are dry, soft and very smooth. All stains disappear as by magic, and the nails are cleaned easily. The time required is not over two minutes. This process repeated five or six times daily will certainly repay housekeepers, for what is there more indicative of refinement than well-kept hands? Then, too, the expense of these lotions is comparatively nothing. Be sure to have them in a very handy place.

Well-governed Children.

It is quite a mistake to suppose that children love the parents less who maintain a proper authority over them. On the contrary, they respect them. It is a cruel and unnatural selfishness that indulges children in a foolish and hurtful way. Parents are guides and counsellors to their children. As a guide in a foreign land, they undertake to pilot them safely through the shoals and quicksands of inexperience. If the guide allows his followers all the liberty they please—if, because they dislike constraint of the narrow path of safety, he allows them to stray into holes and down precipices that destroy them, to loiter in woods full of wild beasts or deadly herbs—can he be called a sure guide? And is it not the same with our children? They are as yet only in the preface, or, as it were, in the first chapter of the book of life. We have nearly finished it or are far advanced. We must open the pages for these younger minds.

If children see that their parents act from principle, that they do not find fault without reason, that they do not punish because personal offence is taken, but because the thing in itself is wrong—if they see that, while they are resolutely but affectionately refused what is not good for them, there is a willingness to oblige them in all innocent matters—they will soon appreciate such conduct. If no attention is paid to rational wishes; if no allowance is made for youthful spirits; if they are dealt with in a hard and unsympathizing manner, the proud spirit will rebel, and the meek spirit will be broken.—'Michigan Advocate.'

The Education of Parents.

It is evident, from many unmistakable signs, that the true idea of education has never seized the minds of a great number of parents and guardians. It is highly essential, certainly, that youths and maidens should be equipped with modern weapons for changed modern conditions; but it is far more essential that they should be sent out into the world properly equipped against the murderous attacks which modern life makes upon the human spirit. Both things are needed, but the latter more especially. This solemn work depends not so much upon the schoolmaster as upon the parents. They who produce life are the proper persons to train it. Paternity involves the serious responsibility of preparing children for the battle of life, and this task is impossible without religious training. Upon this vital point too many parents themselves need education. There is no work more pressing at the present hour than that of bringing parents face to face with their awful responsibility to train their children for God. This is to deal with the nation's life at its source.—'The Christian.'

While You Are Growing.

Growing girls and boys do not always appreciate that it is while they are growing that they are forming their figures for after life. Drooping their shoulders a little more every day, drooping the head as one walks, standing unevenly, so that one hip sinks more than the other—all these defects, easily corrected now, will be five times as hard in five years and twenty-five times as hard in ten years. A graceful, easy carriage and an erect, straight figure are a pleasure to beholder and possessor and are worth striving for.

An easy way to practise walking well is to start out right. Just before you leave the house, walk up to the wall and see that your toes, chest and nose touch it at once; then, in that attitude, walk away. Keep your head up and your chest out and your shoulders and back will take care of themselves.

A school-teacher used to instruct her pupils to walk always as if trying to look over the top of an imaginary carriage just in front of them. It was good advice, for it kept the head raised. Don't think these things are of no value. They add to your health and your attractiveness, two things to which everybody should pay heed—'Sunday Reading.'

Points on Potatoes.

Physicians assert that baked potatoes are more nutritious than those cooked in any other way, and that fried ones are the most difficult to digest.

The secret of making good mashed potatoes is to keep them hot while mashing, and to have also the milk very hot when it is added. Beat thoroughly and serve in a hot dish. Lay a piece of butter on the top and serve.

A method of improving the potato is credited to M. Michalet, as a result of experiments made in the department Vaucluse, France. He advises that the potato plant should be stripped of its blossom, and the crop of tubers will be improved in quantity and be richer in starch. The flower is not at all necessary to the well-being of the plant, which in the process of blossoming consumes starch and other vegetable substances.

Stewed potatoes for breakfast.—Pare, cut into dice, soak in cold water a little while, then stew, in enough hot salted water to cover them. Before taking up, and when they are breaking to pieces, drain off half the water and pour in a cupful of milk. Boil three minutes, stirring well; put in a lump of butter the size of an egg rolled in flour, a little salt and pepper. Add a sprig of parsley; boil well and turn into a covered dish. An excellent family dish.

Vermont Pudding.—Select fine, nicely popped corn and roll. To three cups of popcorn add three cups of milk and set on top of the stove to soak one or two hours. Then add one egg (or one tablespoon cornstarch), two tablespoons of sugar, butter size of walnut, pinch of salt, grating of nutmeg, one-third cup of raisins, and then bake. Spread jelly on top and serve with cream and sugar.

PATENT REPORT.

Following is a list of patents recently granted by the Canadian and American Governments, secured through the agency of Messrs. Marion & Marion, Patent Attorneys, Montreal, Canada, and Washington, D.C.

Canada.—Nos. 2,160, Prof. J. Rosario Viau, Montreal, Que., ladies' tailor system; 86,594, Joseph Lemire, Drummondville, Que., electric railway signal; 86,637, Georges R. Pelletier, Pelletier's Mills, N.B., axe; 86,651, Frederick V. Speltie, Amsterdam, Holland, process and apparatus for extracting oil from fish and obtaining dried residues serving as 'guano.'

United States.—Nos. 757,402, George Laporte, St-Felix de Valois, Que., acetylene gas generator; 757,455, Arthur Guidon, oMntreal, Que., rotary engine; 757,722, Dona Boisvert, Providence, R.I., electric semaphore.

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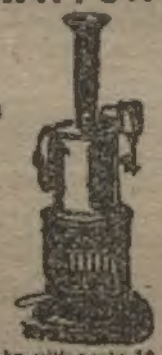

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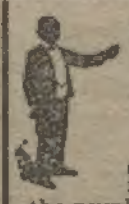

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